

神のみぞ知るセカイ

神と悪魔と天使

著有沢まみず 原作イラスト 若木民喜



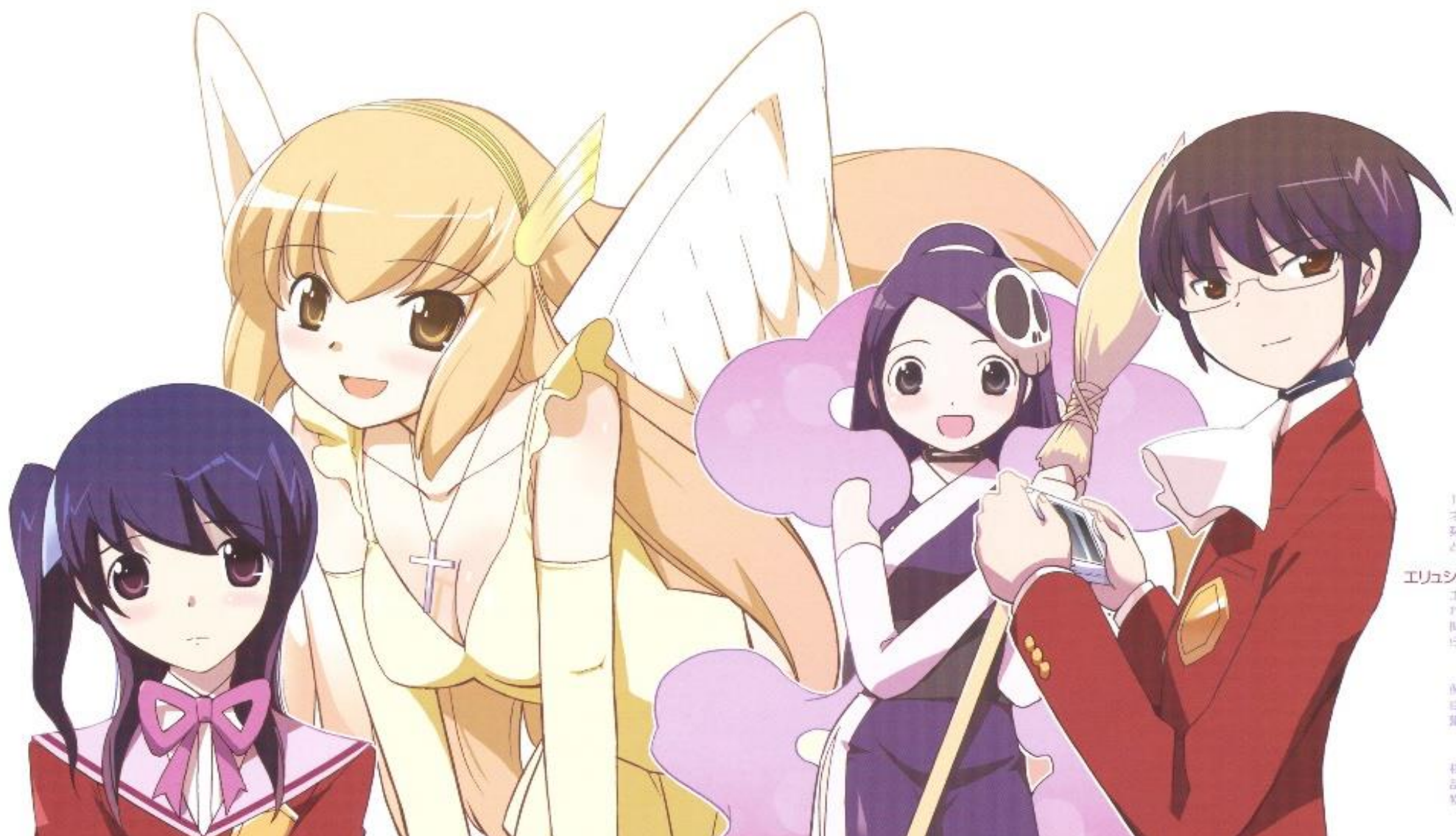
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桂木 桂馬

17歳、ギャルゲー成金の天才。“落とし神”と呼ばれる。契約によりエルシンの能力者となる。

エリシア・デルート・イーマ

エルシィ。抽籤から派遣された“聖し魂等”の忠臣。人間界では怪鳥の妹として暮らしている。

关 美 選

偶然、持病を火車から救う。自らを「天使」と名乗り、不思議な発言が多い。

吉野 麻 美

桂馬のクラスメイト。宗道部。印象も性格も殆ど方角物静かで「普通」。



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A person introduction

かつら ぎ けい ま
桂 木 桂 馬

17歳。ギャルゲー攻略の天才。
“落とし神”と呼ばれる。

エリュシア・デ・ルート・イーマ

エルシィ。地獄から派遣された
“駆け魂隊”の悪魔。

あま み とおる
天 美 透

自らを「天使」と名乗る不思議少女。

よし の あさ み
吉 野 麻 美

桂馬のクラスメイト。茶道部。

Prologue: God and the Devil

It was flowing.

Just like a beautiful dance. Just like the movements of a martial arts' master.
But it was not splendid, nor was it swift.

It was done naturally.

Even though he was only moving his arms naturally, it looked like after-images were appearing. Exactly six arms. All moving smoothly. An oriental god such as Ashura exists.

With these six arms, he held godly powers.

However, he looked too meek for someone as great as Ashura.

"Ah! The way he creates these foreshadows. This artistic skill.....this scene writer does quite well each and every time!"

As this boy grew joyful, his expression softened.

"Haha, it seems like you are wavering quite bit. Kiriko.....however."

And his hands slowly approached the controls in order to give the command.

"Do not worry. I, the God of Conquest, will surely save you from this infinite loop."

Just like a pianist peacefully playing a sonata.

Bewildered.

Silent.

Easygoing.

"Come now, Chitta! Face the heavens and depart to the skies. Your Thunder Fleet is waiting."

His murmurs leaked out.

Yet it was like a poet singing the lyrics to a song.

"Sounds good. Slowly. Really slowly.....come now."

Behind his glasses.

As his clear eyes narrowed,

"Kiriko! Chitta! Misako! Gou! Nameless N! Yuriel!"

As if he was holding the conductor's baton, he held up his hands in front of his head.

"Now"

With those words came elegance.

Grace.

The sign of the finale.

"Everyone! Everyone! I'll capture you all!"

Fafafafafa~n.

Chiyurararara.

Chirererere, chichichire.

All of the ending themes flowed simultaneously. All flawlessly calculated. Building the situations up with one aim, being in complete control of the production company, the length of the story, the heroine's voice's on/off and beyond, he was able to bring everything to its ending in one go.

Existing in this world is the hand of a God who does not waver or get confused.

"Hmph"

The boy leant against the back of his chair, giving a sigh because of his tiredness.

"Good work for one day's worth...."

He said this as if he's an artist being showered by applause.

They could be heard.

From beyond the monitor, countless rescued heroines cried out his name.

The God of Conquest.

The God of Conquest.

His name is Katsuragi Keima!



"Now, with this..."

And that one part from beginning to end, the girl gazes from behind, sighing as she lowered her shoulders.

"Why does he always have to be playing a game?"

After that, she inhaled deeply and shaped her hands like a megaphone and...

"KAMI SAMAAA!!! I'M GOING TO MAKE LUUNCH!!!"

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

The boy shouted out instantly.

The boy, Katsuragi Keima, who had quickly finished six gal-games just now, leapt into mid-air, with his heart beating quickly as he grasped his chest.

"Wha, What!? Elsie?"

He confirmed it was her and then dropped his shoulders,

"I've told you over and over not to enter my room without permission!"

He pointed his finger at the girl named Elsie.

She was a lovable girl with sweet-looking eyes.

Contrary to her innocent appearance, her true identity was a demon from Hell who ascended above ground because of the Runaway Spirit Squad. She gave off a displeased 'Uh~~' as her lips turned sour.

"But, Kami-Sama, it has already been long past noon. If you don't eat anything, you'll ruin your health."

"Hmph!"

Keima crossed over his arms and looked away.

"All of that is nothing to me. I get all of my nutrition by playing games regularly."

"But isn't body nourishment also very important? Filling your stomach with food is important, right?"

"Well,"

Keima then stood up from his chair.

"Since I am taking a rest, I wouldn't be hesitant to go up against reality."

He pushed up his glasses with his fingertips, making his eyes shine.

Though baby-faced, he was a young man with a composed expression.

Katsuragi Keima. People called him by the alias "The God of Conquest", the one who is able to make any girl (of the game world) fall for him.

Asked by the female demon Elsie to gather escaped spirits, he went through his days that he's a bit unwilling to go through.

That is why Elsie had started to understand some parts of Keima's personality.

"Even so,"

She said as her eyes were fixated on the six screens.

"Kami-sama can truly make any girl fall in love with him at his own free will."

She said in admiration.

As this was something that is not too difficult for Keima to do, he shrugged his shoulders lightly,

"That's because I'm the God of Conquest."

So he said without showing any sign of getting worked up. Being drawn into this, Elsie asked,

"...I've been having a bit of a doubt, but can Kami-sama capture any type of girl you like without any discrimination?"

Keima responded with,

"...."

Without any facial expression, Keima firmly looked at Elsie.

"...such a foolish question to ask."

He firmly replied.

"Then, then, for example!"

Elsie said as she took notice of the fantasy-world girls in one of the screens,

"Even these girls who live in a world that is completely different from reality?"

"Of course."

"...These girls have wings on their backs, right? Are they fairies? Also, this girl who has a tail and animal ears...."

"...is this girl, umm, is she actually a cat? And if..."

She (Elsie) said as she looked up.

She fidgeted around in hesitation.

"Ho, How about", with a quiet voice.

"How about a demon?"

Heh.

Keima smiled. Though a bit cold, it was a mysterious smile that was filled with a kind of kindness that tolerated Elsie's ignorance.

"I am"

He clenched his fist tight.

"A GOD! It doesn't matter even if it's a demon, I'll capture all their hearts!"

Without thinking much, Elsie applauded. She was really moved. Even though she didn't actually understand at all, Kami-sama is amazing!

And the obedient Elsie nodded deeply, and finally,

"Ah, but"

This was one thing she really wanted to ask,

".....even if you dislike it? Kami-Sama also has feelings. You may oppose capturing them because of your pride or, how should I put it, are you prepared to capture a girl even if she leaves a bad impression on you easily? Isn't there a girl like that?"

And then,

"....bodily nourishment. I'll go get myself fed and return to gaming. Next time, don't enter my room without permission, Elsie!"

Keima, without knowing why he had responded like that, quickly left the room. Elsie, becoming impatient,

"Uh...Ka, Kami-Sama~!! Please wait!!"

"A denpakei."

"Eh?"

"Someone with wild fantasies.....I don't dislike them. It's not that I can't conquer them, but...."

From where Elsie was standing, she was looking at his back as Keima was muttering.

"They are troublesome..."

With no more than a glance at his back, she observed him leaving the room. With her finger touching her mouth,

"...a denpakei?"

She thought about Keima's speech. And then, coming back to her senses,

"Ka, Kami-Sama~~!!!"

She chased after him...

What is a Denpakei?

That sort of voice echoed across the Katsuragi house. This happened at noon on a Saturday.



Chapter 1: The Descent of an Angel

During a weekday, Katsuragi Keima randomly entered a game software shop 'OG map', but the moment he entered the shop, the atmosphere in the shop showed an obvious change. He was famous as the 'God of Conquest' in the gaming world, but in the real world, no one knew that he was the god of conquests.

Even so.

"Swap with me."

The supervisor in charge of this level patted the new worker at the cashier and asked to swap over.

"Eh?"

The new worker looked surprised.

The supervisor shook his head silently and pointed in a certain direction.

"..."

Right where he was pointing at was Keima, who was looking at the row of countless new works through the transparent clothes.

Behind him, Elsie was looking rather bored.

"It's a little tough for you."

"How, how could it be?"

Wasn't he just an ordinary customer?

Just when the newcomer was about to say this, he realized that Keima was obviously different from the other customers, and was obviously of a different dimension from the rest.

"...Uu."

He moaned. The supervisor gave a one liner that's like those in Western movies.

"That's great. Looks like you still have some foresight."

The supervisor chuckled.

"If you can't spot the strange nature in that action, you have no hope of being born here, and I can't hand the Galge counter over to you."

The supervisor narrowed his eyes and looked at Keima.

And several other customers in the shop,
Some old-time gamers with foresight noticed it. Some people,
(Wha, what's with this boy?)

Were amazed, or,
(This guy again...who in the world is here?)

Showed an inexplicable look. To put it, that Keima,
“ ...”

Was just looking at the games with a depressed look.

He was just going,

“...As expected, I can't tell without coming to the shop to see the actual item.”

Or,

“Has the price dropped?”

He muttered as he went between one shelf after another. To put it properly, it was said that highly skilled martial artists could use the motion of chopsticks to rate each other.

A pianist could hear the quality of a keyboard through a performance. A top-rate sushi chef could tell the level of another through even the basics of fried egg.

In other words, a person's subconscious action could present its hidden ability completely.

Keima was merely shopping around for game software, but to the bystanders,

What kind of amazing gamer is he?

From his gaming style that no one else could match, to the speed and processing ability, even if no one knew whether it was true, they could conclude to a certain extent. Also, there was one thing everyone in the shop could feel. That was,

This boy's really an enigma!

That's all.

I can't handle this.

With this fear, this thought appeared in the newcomer's mind. *I can't handle this at all.*

His body couldn't help but tremble.

The supervisor smiled.

"If you can sense this, this shows that you're good. Hurry along, I'll handle this boy."

And shook his head.

"To be honest, this is really a little too much, but someone has to do it, don't you say?"

Keima continued to choose the items in a flowing and graceful manner before finally putting the items down gently onto the cashier, and the supervisor,

"..."

Continued to remain silent as he scanned the barcodes.

"..."

He immediately readied the bag and put the games into it without too much unnecessary action.

"The total will be 67,850 yen."

After stating that, he handed over a special edition poster and a little handbook to Keima before he could even say anything.

"Ho?"

Keima's eyes sparkled.

"Well, you really know your work. The goods in this shop are all in order, and there're people who knows what the customers want."

"..."

The supervisor looked like he got the highest honor as he put his hand in front of his chest and bowed.

"I'll come back again."

Keima turned around and continued to walk out of the shop leisurely. The supervisor continued to remain bowed, and the newcomer looked somewhat touched as he watched Keima leave.

The other customers who were watching this were all going 'oh~' in amazement as they watched Keima leave with somewhat admiring eyes.

Elsie was the only one who remained stunned.

After that, as Elsie,

“I always wanted to come to such a place!”

Because of such a strong request, Keima and Elsie entered a little café near the ‘OG Map’. At the third level of a certain shopping mall, the main road could be seen completely. The wooden colored wallpaper and the viewing plants looked really lush. It was a really a small mountainside-styled café.

Keima simply ordered red tea, and Elsie,

“Erm, un.”

After lots of trouble, she finally ordered hot chocolate.

“Why eat at some café?”

Keima grumbled.

“Isn’t my house open for you to enter anytime?”

“Well well, it’s important to research on other shops you know.”

Elsie delightedly calmed Keima down. As there were many game shops like ‘OG Map’, there were many customers who were like Keima, holding bags. Inside, there were 3 customers at a table, looking at a notebook computer and seemingly deciding on something.

“As expected.”

Also,

“Wasn’t this option here because the last flag wasn’t fulfilled? Looks like we should start all over again.”

And also,

“No, we can’t decide that. Emily hasn’t returned to the country yet. We can’t deny completely that we entered another route.”

The trio was all serious.

And working hard.

Elsie glanced aside at those people and asked Keima.

“Kami-sama, can I ask a question?”

“...”

Keima remained silent with his eyes closed as he took a sip from the red tea. That pose...if it was only the pose, it would be as elegant as a noble.

Elsie treated his silence as a silent agreement.

“Eh, it’s a very basic question.”

She put her fingers at her chin and summarized what she wanted to ask.

“...What’s so interesting about games?”

At this moment.

“!”

Keima’s eyes suddenly widened as his eyes blazed.

“Wa! Th, this...cha, charm! I just want to know what’s so attractive about games! Be, because you see, there’re many people other than kami-sama who’s interested.”

“Haa.”

Keima sighed hard.

“That’s really a ‘basic of basics question’, Elsie.”

He coldly glanced at Elsie, and Elsie timidly shrank back in apology.

“Uu.”

“Well, I’ll just explain in a way you can understand.”

He waved his arm like a kabuki-actor.

To Elsie.

‘An imperfect reality, a perfect game’.

She seemed to see the words raised in a banner behind Keima. Keima’s face looked like there was really a mask, and there was red hair reaching out from behind the mask.

These were all a hallucination. In fact,

“An imperfect reality, a perfect game.”

Keima only said this. He continued passionately,

“Get it? The female lead in a game can’t possibly have those unreasonable actions that girls in real life will do. All the actions or circumstances are all set up for only the beautiful ending.”

He said that with passionately.

Elsie thought that ‘once kami-sama got involved with games, he could be really ‘fired up’. As for Keima, he was thinking that he had to explain it.

Both of them,

Suddenly looked at each other.

““HOT!!””

Suddenly shouted.

For some reason, the surroundings were really hot, and white smoke floated in as the fire alarm rang.

During the short time after.

Keima and Elsie were left in a dazed manner.

“A fire?”

“Everyone, calm down! Please evacuate in an orderly fashion!”

The customers in the shop were all panicking in shock, and the shop attendants did their best to guide them to the emergency staircase. Even though the fire was nearby, the instructions were precise. Even though it was an old building, the precise instructions allowed the evacuation to be smooth.

“Really.”

Keima watched everyone around him panic and sighed.

“People really show their human instincts at this moment. Listen up. You have to remain unmoved like me to.”

Just as he was lecturing Elsie who was panicking,

“DAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNN
IIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!”

He couldn't help but cuddle his head.

Elsie was shocked by this shout.

“Ka, kami-sama!?”

Keima's eyes flashed.

“...Elsie, I’m going back into the shop.”

“Eh?”

Elsie used a split second to understand the meaning behind these words.

“EEEEEEHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!???”

And then shouted out. Though they couldn't see the fire, the thickness of the smoke itself meant that going back into the shop was suicidal. However, Keima gripped his fists hard and said,

"This is really embarrassing."

He said this with much remorse.

"I left the game software the shop attendant gave me on the table!"

"Weren't you holding it? That bag!"

Keima adamantly refuted Elsie.

"No, it's the one I carried along to play today! Elsie, I'll hand this over to you!"

Keima handed over the bag of games he bought to Elsie,

"I'm still too naïve!"

And then turned around adamantly as he ran up the stairs at a speed no one could associate with his normally frail image.

"Ka,"

Elsie screamed out,

"KAMI-SSAAAAAAMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Just as she was about to chase Keima.

"Get out of my way!"

"Oi, move aside!"

The people who were coming over from up and down the staircase, coupled with the smoke, caused her to lose sight of Keima.

With amazing willpower, Keima darted into the shop filled with thick smoke and used terrifying instincts to find the seat he was in. Then, as his sight was completely ineffective, he used his love for the games to successfully find what he lost.

"Alright!"

He looked like he was hugging the games.

"Come, let's escape!"

And seemed to be talking to someone as once he finished shouting, he intended to leave.

However,

Even if it's him, no matter what state his heart was in, his body still reacted in a biological manner, and it couldn't be helped.

"...Arre?"

First, just as he was about to get out of the shop, his heart wavered greatly.

"Er, mm..."

His eyes started to become blurry.

“...re?”

His wavering feet started to disobey his commands and collapsed just like that.

“U, ugh...”

Though he really wanted to move forward.

“U...uu.”

His body wasn’t strong to begin with. He lasted till now,

All through his love and passion for games.

Once he got his games.

“...Ugh.”

The nerves of tension immediately snapped, and Keima’s blurry consciousness started to think.

(Am, am I going to fall just like this...me...)

Amazingly,

There was no fear, no pain.

(Ah, ahh.)

Keima thought.

(At least allow me to conquer this game...)

Just as he smiled weakly and was about to close his eyes.

“Are you alright?”

He heard a voice.

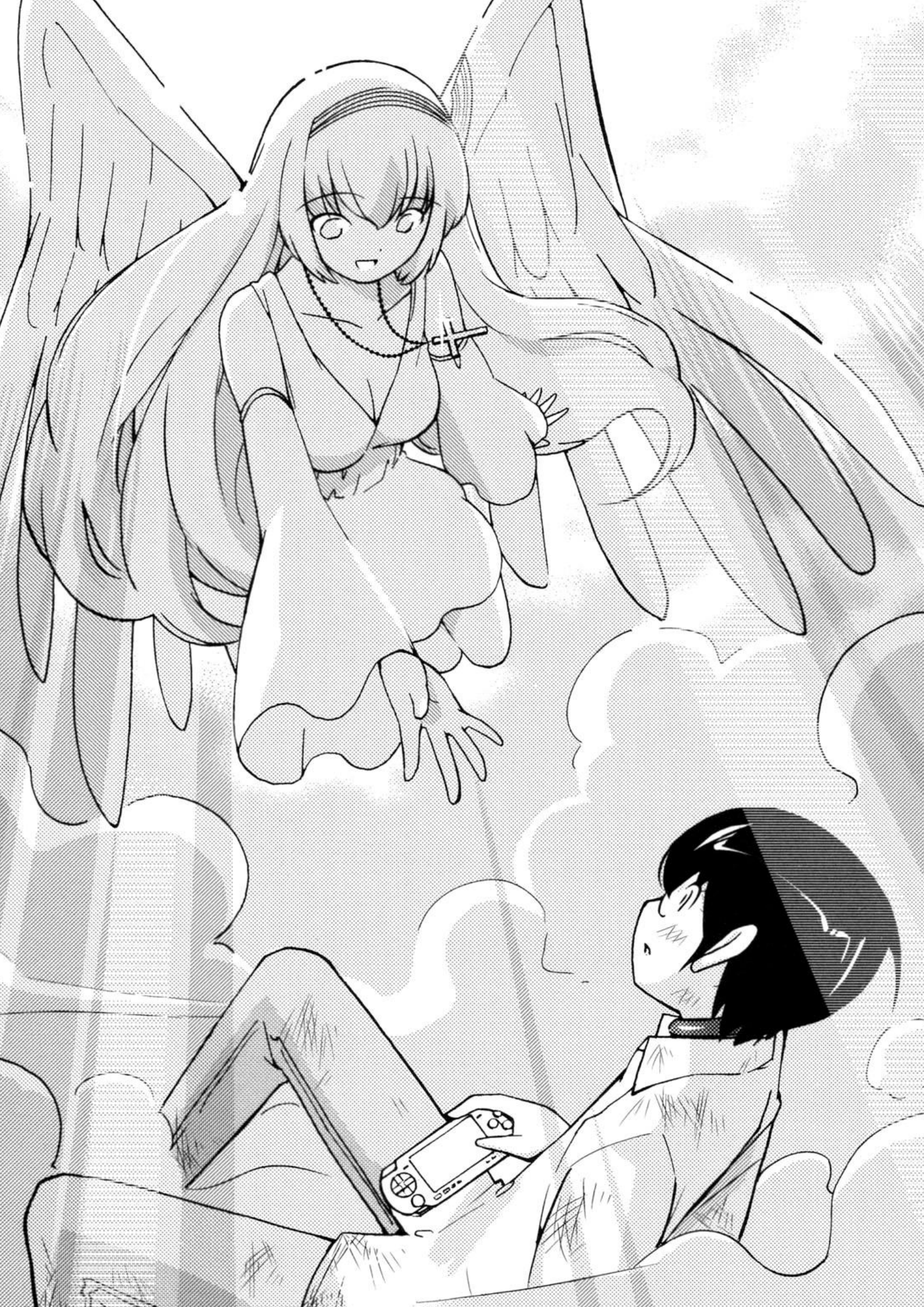
Keima turned to where the voice came from.

“!”

He was shocked.

In the midst of the smoke, a girl in pure white clothes appeared, pure white clothes that looked like what the Ancient Greeks would drape over themselves. She was wearing a white mini-skirt and sandals, had flowing long hair and a mysterious shine in her eyes, snowy white skin, and most importantly,

The wings behind her back.



“An, angel?”

The girl reached her hand out, and Keima’s consciousness just so happens to fade...

The next day, the nurse in Maijima General Hospital went all angry,

“Oi! Mr Katsuragi! Can you please stop playing your games!?”

And shouted this at Keima, who’s dressed in white inpatient clothing.

“ ...”

He continued to remain seated on the bed, watching the game screen wordlessly. Elsie was right beside him,

(Ka, kami-sama’s always the same no matter where he goes...)

Watching Keima play the video game while breaking out cold sweat. In other words, Katsuragi Keima was hospitalized.

Luckily, there weren’t any serious external injuries or aftershocks. It was just a precaution. He would be out in another 2, 3 days.

“Speaking of which, it’s really great...that nothing happened.”

While accompanying Keima up to the rooftop, Elsie put her hand at her chest and said,

“My heart nearly stopped yesterday when I thought about what would happen to kami-sama.”

After Keima was found to be alright at the back door of the shop, Elsie couldn’t help but cry. Keima’s mother, Mari was with them just now, but because she had to run her ‘Grandpa’ Café, she went off early and left the rest to Elsie.

Keima,

“ ...”

Was silent for a while.

One of the reasons was that he was playing games. But actually, he was thinking about something.

(Was I saved by her? By that...girl who dressed up like an angel...)

Actually, his memory of this wasn’t really clear, and at the moment he regained consciousness, he was already lying at the back door of the shop. Probably, the girl he met in the smoke brought him out of the fire that was spreading through the building and allowed him to escape...

Was that reality?

Or was that all imagination.

Right now, Keima still couldn't be certain of that. Besides, if that girl really saved me.

Why did she disappear from right in front of me?

He really couldn't understand that.

Keima couldn't understand why the girl left him unconscious and went away. And it seemed that no one at the fire seemed to see that girl. Thus Keima was somewhat doubting whether it was just his imagination.

"...The weather's really fine."

He sat on the rooftop, looked up at the sky, and muttered.

If he thought about things under such a bright sun, probably everything that happened yesterday was a dream, and not just the girl herself.

"Yeah."

Elsie followed suit and sat down on the concrete ground. Then, she suddenly jumped up.

"That's right!"

She looked at Keima and said,

"I have something to say to okaa-sama! I'll go make a call!"

And then ran off through the exit of the rooftop as she treaded her way through. Keima watched her leave, and sighed slightly.

"...Such a busy person."

He then held the handheld PFP in his hand and lay down.

"I"

And froze.

There was a penthouse and a water supply tower that was higher than the rooftop, and he saw a girl letting her feet down and sitting there, looking at him. This girl seemed to be looking down at Keima, waiting for Keima to discover her.

Once her eyes meet Keima's.

"Ahahaha, we finally meet~"

She easily jumped off from there.

Gently,

The girl was just like an angel as she descended in front of Keima. Her fingertips raised the edge of her skirt slightly as she bowed elegantly.

“Hello, the prince with the beautiful eyes♪.”

This was the second encounter with the girl.

The girl smiled.

“...Prince?”

“ ... ”

Keima was thoroughly stunned. The girl was looking down at Keima, who in turn was lying down. Thus, he could see what’s under the skirt from this angle...

White.

“ ... ”

Really an underwear of underwear, Keima thought. He remained unmoved as he stood up and patted away the dust on him and wordlessly looked at the girl.

The girl didn’t seem to mind and said,

“Ahahaha, the prince looks really energetic. That’s great!”

“ ... ”

Keima’s mind started to spin.

He furrowed his eyebrows.

(The girl yesterday?)

The memory yesterday started to return. The girl narrowed her eyes and said,

“You took in some smoke, so I was worried.”

And then, she smiled.

“That’s great! Looks like you’re alright!”

Keima managed to make a conclusion and say it out,

“Don’t tell me...you saved me yesterday?”

Then, the girl,

“Un!”

Nodded her head hard.

“I was in that building back then as I was looking for something.”

“Something?”

Feeling that she was surrounded by the girl’s unique presence, Keima asked. The girl energetically and forcefully said in a tone that’s hard to capture,

“Yes, *it’s a quest!*”

She said it clearly,

“Amidst the endless sea of stars, the stars that are shining regularly will definitely be my destination!”

“ ... ”

Keima remained silent, and the girl on the other hand didn’t mind.

“I will continue to look for such stars one after another. My quest is to look for the stars.”

“ ... ”

Keima’s language processing ability was outstanding, and he was great at logical thinking. Normally, when conquering girls, he could sort the logic out from the cognitive wavering in the target’s words. That’s why he was able to find out the girl’s hidden secrets, and designate their doctrine or personality. But on the other hand, if the other party wasn’t cognitive in the first place, words that weren’t logical were hard to deal with.

His mind was starting to sort this girl into a certain element.

“There’re a few points.”

Keima asked,

“That I don’t understand. Did you say that you’re looking for something?”

He asked patiently.

“What is it? What is it that you’re trying to find?”

The girl chuckled happily.

“About that, it’s an eternal plus that will never change, a present that’s eternal. No matter how many minus there is, it won’t change this eternal plus.”

“ ... ”

Keima started to feel a headache, and his eyelids felt like twitching.

“Really...can you find it?”

The girl said seriously,

“No.”

And then,

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Both of them went silent. The girl put both hands behind her back and smiled. Though Keima was showing a smile too, it was obviously forced and barely held there. His eyelids were twitching. He took perfect timing,

Then.

He will take this time to leave.

Thank you for saving me. Did you come to visit me today? Thank you for that. Then, I think I still have some stuff to do, so I'll make a move first. Bye!

And will hurriedly leave.

Thus, just as he was aiming for this moment to say ‘then’.

“Oh prince.”

The girl turned around and looked at the streets from the handrail of the rooftop.

“The weather’s great today~ the streets are all lively.”

Keima’s tempo was messed up, and he couldn’t leave. He pondered for a while, and sighed hard.

“...I’m not a prince.”

This was the only resistance Keima could make to the girl ever since she started spouting all sorts of nonsense just now. The girl happily turned over.

“You’re a prince!”

“ ... ”

“Because you have such beautiful and clear eyes...so pretty, those eyes that looks like they can see through everything, these crystal-like eyes that have god’s will in them.”

The girl took a large step and moved closer.

She smiled.

“Tha, thanks.”

The girl stared at Keima’s eyes in a curious manner, and Keima said in an annoyed manner,

“...Thank you for saving me. Did you come to visit me today? Thank you for that. Then,”

He was about to say the line he prepared.

“...You really like games. I like them too. I’m going through such a quest ♪”

Thus, the girl’s answer was again a little off from what Keima said. Keima really felt like cuddling his head, and then,

“I see, so this person’s!”

He concluded,

“This person’s a Denpakei^[1]...” “...”

The most incompatible type to the logical Keima.

And what she said up till now,

Couldn’t be comprehended!

Keima couldn’t help but look around desperately for help, and just at this moment,

“Kami-sama~!”

Elsie appeared on the rooftop. The girl glanced, and said,

“Your little sister?”

She left.

“It’s about time for me to leave.”

Keima heaved a sigh of relief, but she was his savior after all,

“Tha, thank you...again.”

“My name’s Amami Tooru.”



“Katsuragi Keima.”

“That’s a nice name.”

The girl showed a kind smile and waved her hand.

“Bye bye, Keima-kun. It’s enough for me that you’re alright. A human’s life more important than anything else~ ♪”

Then, she put her hands behind her back, hummed in a lively manner, and left.

Elsie went by her.

And watched her leave with a strange expression. And then,

Dorodorodorodorodoro.

Elsie’s hair decoration let out a sound, and she was so shocked that she held her head. She looked dumbstruck as she again pointed at the girl who was heading down the stairs.

“In other words.”

Keima tried his best not to kneel on the floor, and muttered,

“That girl has a wandering spirit, is it...”

He had a bad feeling about this...

And he was actually correct.

“Kami-sama!”

Elsie shouted as she ran over.

“That person!”

“I know.”

Keima used a stern expression to look at Elsie,

“I know. There’s a runaway spirit inside, right?”

Elsie nodded her head, and then asked in a curious manner.

“She looked like she was talking to kami-sama...do you two know each other?”

“Basically, it’s our first meeting.”

Keima didn’t elaborate further. He was already thinking about how to conquer that girl...that girl who called herself Amami Tooru.

The runaway spirit rests in the gap of a soul, and they let the girls with these souls fall in love to conquer their hearts before claiming the runaway

spirits. This was Elsie's mission as a member of Hell's 'runaway spirit squad', and also her partner Keima's mission.

That intricate and sharp brain started to move. In his mind, there were countless games he conquered, the routes and even the words of the female leads he conquered imprinted deep inside him without mistake. He recalled.

He pondered.

He deduced, summarized, and continued.

"As expected...a 'denpakei', or an ohanabatake^[2]..." "

And then, he shook his head.

"No, it's too early to designate the type, but we can only go in this direction."

He looked at the exit where Amami Tooru left, and clicked his tongue slightly.

"I don't know the school she studies at, and I don't know where she lives. Really, looks like this conquest's going to be really physically tiring."

Elsie asked in a passive manner,

"Then, kami-sama...a 'denpakei' is."

She looked like she was searching through her memory.

"That,"

And said with somewhat little confidence.

"...The type of girls kami-sama said that you aren't good with, right?"

"..."

Keima glanced at Elsie,

And then,

"Even if I'm really forced, even if I am really forced to do this, I have to protect this. Please play in my garden!"

Elsie seemed to see several cute and exaggerated flowers sprouting out from behind Keima, and rubbed her eyes.

"...Fuu."

The bright flowers were gone, and what was left was the sighing Keima.

"Anyway, let's get out of hospital first, and after that."

He forcefully pointed out Elsie's mistake and corrected it.

"IT'S NOT THAT I'M NOT USED TO OHANABATAKE-TYPES!"

I just don't want to get too troubled.

He said. And Elsie couldn't help but remain rooted and stunned.

Three days later, there was a girl.

Amami Tooru was walking on the streets. She had sepia-colored hair, a flowing one-piece white dress on, a cross-shaped necklace and violet sandals. Her good looks and outstanding figure caused the men who went past her to be attracted by her as they looked at her. They couldn't help but turn their necks back to look at her.

This girl's really cute~

Most of the men would think that, but the girl herself didn't mind the stares. She continued to look up at the row of buildings that were lined up.

She was holding a notebook, even though her stand was unclear,

"Ah, there's a guidance star here."

The girl muttered and used a pen to write something. Then, she used her handphone to take a photo of the building.

"Ahaha."

Then, she just went 'un un', nodding away and writing something inside the notebook. After that, she put her notebook and handphone into her bag and continued to sway and walk.

Suddenly, she stopped.

"?"

And tilted her head in a puzzled manner.

Amidst the crowd, there was a boy who was leaning on the wall, folding his arms in front of his chest as he slowly got up. He, Katsuragi Keima, stood in front of Amami Tooru.

(First.)

"...Can I help you find something?"

(Let's enter her world!)

The girl's body went stiff for a while, and then, she called out.

"Ah~prince!"

Being called out like this in the middle of a crowd, Keima was somewhat scared, but,

"Please allow me to accompany you, princess."

After that, he politely put his hand in front of his chest. Deep inside, this really needed a lot of effort, but he really looked gentlemanly there.

“Wa~ prince! That’s great, you’re out of the hospital!”

The girl suddenly ran to Keima and hugged him immediately. The pedestrians nearby all gave shocked looks.

Keima himself was shocked too.

“Tha, thanks to you.”

Once the girl separated from him, she held onto Keima’s hand and jumped all about.

“Prince, you recovered really quickly!”

And hugged him again,

“Nn~looks real. I thought you were a treasure in the smoke, but you don’t look like treasure when you’re assembled like this, right?”

He couldn’t understand what she was saying.

And,

“Uu.”

The breasts that were larger than average were bouncing around, and he couldn’t possibly not notice it. This elasticity...it’s soft.

But Keima,

“ ... ”

Continued to let her rampage on. He was already prepared to have even more endurance in the future...

A girl was looking at them from a utility pole slightly far away. It was Elsie.

Keima taught her.

(I’m going to jump into her story.)

She didn’t really understand the meaning behind this, but Elsie trusted Keima and watched them from behind.

“That’s really a coincidence, prince!”

Are you finally satisfied? Amami Tooru let go of Keima, and then seemingly out of habit, put her hands behind her back and smiled.

Keima heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Amami Tooru.

(Alright. Doesn't look like there's something worth noticing on the outside...for now.)

Immediately, Keima's sharp eyes inspected Amami Tooru entirely. She was really unique, but there wasn't anything strange about her.

He just felt this again.

She was really a stunningly beautiful girl. He was already bothered the first time he met her, whether she was a mixed-blood or quarter-mixed-blood. The impression she gave was that she was an angel that walked out from some western painter's painting. She had an ample figure that a Japanese wouldn't normally have, and she just looked unreal as it seemed to strengthen this impression.

To be honest, it didn't seem that she had life.

She was just like a real angel...

"What's with you today?"

Amami Tooru gave a clear smile and asked,

"How about we buy something on the streets?"

Her voice was as clear as a bell, but this enforced the feeling that she wasn't a human of flesh and blood as it was a vague speech manner.

Keima said,

"You have something...that you wanted to find, right?"

And after that,

Amami Tooru blinked her eyes.

"I'll find it too, princess."

First, I have to be sincere.

"..."

Amami Tooru continued to stare at Keima for quite a while. Keima then said,

"Let's look for this eternal plus you're looking for together."

I have to be slightly forceful. The character impression has to be like a magician.

"..."

"Please allow me to accompany you."

Make sure I sound like a loyal knight."

“ ... ”

“Wa, wa~! How exciting. The adventure’s about to begin!”

How about a little childish and impish feeling there?

“ ... ”

“I, I want to see that eternal plus you are looking for too.”

Like a noble that descends from high above, or a magical item that lasts for a long time.

Just like that, he continued to change tones.

“ ... ”

Even so, Amami Tooru continued to stare at Keima.

The pedestrians were all looking at Keima with weird looks as he spouted those strange lines, whether they were coming from the front or the back. Slightly further away, two aunties were muttering.

How pitiful.

And,

So young...and so energetic.

And stuff like that as they continued to gossip.

Actually, Keima also wanted to run far away at this point.

Who wants to carry on like this!

He roared deep inside. He could feel the shame rising up in him, and his face was becoming redder. Even so, Keima continued to organize his words.

Words that could touch the other party’s heart.

The door that leads to the other party’s word, the words that were meant to look for the key.

“This is just my gratitude to you, princess.”

That was what Keima wanted to do.

Once he understands her world, he will blend in, not just emotionally and design, but also in all other aspects. When dealing with ‘denpakei’ girls, this was a must.

What she was looking forward to.

What was she looking at.

What kind of personality did she have.

When dealing with such girls, if one wants to achieve the mutual understanding before people can normally fall in love, they have to go through a number of tedious phases.

That was why Keima continued to let out little jabs in his words to try and probe into her view of the world. For this, he tried many ways of talking.

“...The guidance star.”

Suddenly, Keima’s eyes showed a steady reflection.

“There’s one in this building.”

After sensing the rule in the girl’s words, Keima said,

“...You.”

Keima’s finger pointed above, and Amami Tooru’s eyes followed.

‘Bar—Lucky Chance’.

The street they were on had this signboard right above, a neon light that extended out from the third level of the building.

When it’s night, it’s likely to let out beautiful lights.

And on this signboard.

“Are you looking for such a star?”

It was a decoration that was yellow, seemingly representing a shooting star. Amami Tooru still remained unmoved.

Keima waited slightly.

Suddenly,

“Aha.”

Amami Tooru laughed, and Keima immediately gulped.

Did he succeed?

Did he fail?

Keima remembered that when he met her for the first time, even inside the building that was on fire, there was a star-shaped signboard of relatively retro games. Also, there were the words she said at the rooftop of the hospital when they met again.

“My quest is to look for stars!”

This line was inside Keima’s detailed memory as well. Thus, he tried to piece these two theories together.

“That’s right! Amazing! How did you know! How did you know that I’m looking for this star?”

“ ...”

Keima heaved a sigh of relief inside. Looks like he was correct. Amami Tooru’s eyes suddenly gave a strong light.

The vague words showed her true passion.

“Ahaha! You’re amazing, prince! You really have all-seeing eyes!”

The girl clapped her hands together and shouted excitedly. The crowd started to turn back and look at Keima and the bishoujo girl who was making an abnormally loud voice. Keima felt his eyes hurting, but he still smiled.

“I know all about you.”

Matching her view of the world.

Matching her heart.

He had to gradually understand the other party. The ‘eternal plus’ she was looking for was likely to be the decisive key to understanding her inner heart.

Thus,

“I said that I hope to look for it with you.”

Keima took a step forward.

“Un!”

The girl nodded her head.

“You’re a prince! You’re really a prince!”

The girl easily accepted this.

“Let’s look for this, this ‘eternal plus’!”

“...Un, an ‘eternal plus’.”

Keima’s eyes let out a calculative shine.

“How should we look for it?”

He wanted to understand Amami Tooru’s inner heart.

Keima started to probe. Amami Tooru suddenly froze. *Not good.* He clicked his tongue deep inside. Was he rushing things a little too much?

However, Amami Tooru,

“Ahahaha, I don’t know about this at all! I don’t know where it is, what shape it is! I don’t know at all!”

She clearly answered without being bothered at all.

“I see...”

Keima answered as he lowered his head and thought,

So it was such a setting...I see.

But at this moment, he didn’t notice it.

“ ...”

Amami Tooru’s expression showed a slight change.

(Fu~n)

It was an expression an ordinary girl would have, as if she was looking down from high above at Keima, trying to test him. What’s ironic was that at this moment, Amami Tooru’s beautiful face was showing some real human emotions—observing from afar, Elsie couldn’t help but go ‘oh?’ But at this moment, Keima’s eyes lost Amami Tooru completely.

“Then, let’s going! To the place we’re most interested in! Let’s go there!”

Thus, once Amami Tooru went back to that gentle expression and that lost voice, Keima himself didn’t realize the change in this.

“Of course.”

He smiled and answered.

Keima gave himself a pass...but at the next moment, what Amami Tooru called out next really surprised him.

“Let’s go ahead. The little sister over there too!”

She lifted her head slightly, and smiled as she said to Elsie, who was hiding behind the utility pole.

Keima himself was shocked inside. Amami Tooru, who didn’t look like she noticed her surroundings, suddenly invited Elsie along, and she never looked in Elsie’s direction when she was talking to Keima.

However, she was talking to Elsie without hesitation, even though she and Elsie only went past each other at the rooftop once.

When did she start to realize Elsie’s existence?

Amami Tooru looked over at the troubled Keima and Elsie, who Keima himself was panicking over, and smiled as she walked off.

After that,

After they tumbled around on the bus for another 2 stops.

“Jyan! This is our destination!”

Keima and Elsie were speechless.

It was a large entertainment facility. The streets Keima and Elsie were staying in were at a more rural area, but it had lots of empty land. It had a school, library, city hall, sports hall and all sorts of public facilities, but also had more large-scale public entertainment facilities.

Right now, the one in front of Keima and company was the ‘Dean Land’, one of these buildings. The building that’s built in the middle of the busy street was an entire theme park itself. From karaoke and bowling alleys to manga cafes and cafeterias, there were all sorts of things inside this building.

What’s more amazing was that there was a track extending out from a side of the building, spinning about in the air once before returning back to the building.

Periodically.

“KYAAA~!”

“WA~!”

With the cries of several people, the roller-coaster would rush out from the side of the building, spin once before rushing back into the building again.

In other words,

“This is really unbelievable...”

Keima gave out cold sweat as he said this.

A roller coaster occupied half the building. Are the safety standards of this building really alright?

“ ... ”

Keima still remained silent.

And Elsie,

“Wa~”

Clasped her hands together tight as her eyes were sparkling. Amami Tooru said happily,

“Look! There’s a large guidance star over there!”

She pointed to the roof, and there was really a large star decoration over there.”

“Let’s hurry and go in!”

Keima and Elsie were again grabbed by the hand by Amami Tooru and forcefully dragged in.

Keima already had a bad feeling the moment he saw the outside of this building, but he was already prepared the moment he decided to follow Amami Tooru.

No matter what, he will continue to see what’s inside her world.

However,

Even so,

“Gu, kuku!”

After registering at the first level, he separated from Tooru and Elsie and head into the men’s changing room. After changing into a certain costume, Keima couldn’t help but wince and grimace.

“Why do I”

He clenched his fist hard,

“Wear something like this.”

His shoulders naturally trembled slightly as the humiliation and awkwardness rose up in him. But in contrast, Elsie,

“Waa~! Kami-sama, it really suits you!”

She clapped hard and raised her approval. Amami Tooru too said,

“Un, it’s really ideal for you to be a butler, prince. Definitely.”

After making a ridiculous conclusion, she nodded her head in a satisfied manner. And she herself was dressed like a princess with a crown on. All her clothing were changed except for the cross necklace.

And Elsie was a maid.

As for Keima...

“Uu, I really didn’t expect it to be such a messy spot...”

Was cosplaying as a butler. But like what the girls said, Keima, who had the presence and the looks, was really suited for such outstanding clothing.

The lady at the counter smiled and asked,

“Princess, maid and butler, may I know if there’re any problems?”

“No problems at all. Right, Elsie?”

“Yes~, just, just like you said ♪, princess.”

The girls immediately got into character and answered. Then, the lady at the counter, Amami Tooru and Elsie turned to look at Keima. They were all looking rather enthusiastic, looking forward to it. Keima backed away a little on seeing their blazing eyes, but he couldn’t just keep a poker face all the time. Besides, Amami Tooru was right in front of him.

He barely forced a smile.

“No.”

He answered,

“No problems at all, princess.”

He politely put his hand in front of his chest and answered, just like when he met Amami Tooru for the first time today. The girls all cheered ‘KYAAA!’

It’s true.

Keima was really suited to cosplay as such...

‘Dean Land’.

The biggest unique thing about it was that it was a theme park that allowed cosplayers to take its rides, a rare sight even in the entire country. Of course, one can wear plain clothes, but most of the customers here would put their clothing inside the clothing storage (these were all managed by computers, and they can be examined through the archive of computers). The cosplayers would choose after a long time what’s most suited for them to wear or what they wanted to wear most. The costume choice of ‘Dean Land’ was extremely big, and right now, besides the princess and butler themes Keima and company were wearing, there were also all sorts of clothing of manga or anime characters, or even doll clothing of animals or mascots, and even pilot suits and nurse uniforms.

There were measurements of different sizes for males and females, and though there were cool girls wearing manly male clothing or little kids cosplaying as magical girls, they would basically wear things that will fit their gender.

If they really didn’t know what’s suited for them to wear, there’s a system where they went to the lady at the counter to be an advisor. Thus, it seemed

that as it was Keima and the rest's first time, they went to the counter lady to help choose the clothes.

It really suited their appearances.

Keima wasn't willing, but he knew this.

There were more young couples or friends gathered here in Dean Land, but what's unexpected was that there were also many singles or families. At the higher levels, there's also a damper (a stage for cosplayers to dance on) for people who're meeting for the first time to gather. Mothers and fathers were smiling and watching their children in cute clothing jumping and dancing about.

One of the reasons was that it was a holiday, as the hall was buzzing.

Keima was already admitting defeat somewhat.

"Then, Missy."

And restrained himself as he tried to act like a butler.

"Where shall we head to first?"

Amami Tooru widened her arms and smiled.

"Let me think~ first, let's play bowling! Bowling!"

And thus, Keima and Elsie were dragged around by Amami Tooru, and once they reached the bowling alley on the fourth level, they were bowling in cosplay.

"Ehh!"

Amami Tooru did splendid motions as she knocked down pin after pin.

"Yeah!"

Then, she spun around elegantly in her princess cosplay, showing her white teeth and giving a victory pose. As she spun, the skirt floated up, showing her white calves. As a super beauty did such a thing, all the customers around them were looking over in surprise. At this moment,

"Ka, kami-sama? Is, is it like this?"

Elsie chose a light ball that was suited for her and stiffly hit the pins down. Seeing her enjoying herself like this, one really couldn't tell that she was bowling for the first time.

In the end.

"Waa~ I, I knocked them all down!"

She actually hit a spare. On seeing this, Amami Tooru was really happy.

“Alright! Good job! Ell-chan!”

“Tha, thanks!”

Unknowingly, she was being called by her nickname, and they were even hifiving.

And then,

“Ugh!”

Rolls.

One or two pins.

He would occasionally hit spares.

This wasn’t something worth bragging,

But the panting Keima,

(More or less enough here, I guess...)

Thought this way.

After bowling, it was karaoke. The system of ‘Dean land’ was that no matter how many times they changed clothes, there’s no need to pay additional fees.

Thus, Keima and the rest (mostly through Amami Tooru’s suggestion) used this system to change clothing. The trio changed into famous international anime clothing. As for karaoke, Amami Tooru showed off her amazing vocals, that’s all. After that, they changed into contemporary drama clothing.

“Let’s go! We might as well ride this now that we’re here!”

Basically, they were forced to take the roller coaster ride by Amami Tooru, the one that looked like a giant snake surrounding a rock.

Amami Tooru and Elsie were already excited,

But Keima, who was more rational than ordinary people, was,

(Is this building and transportation...really up to standard?)

Looking uneasily as he looked in front.

In more ways than one, the ride was really scary...

The roller coaster moved about at a shocking speed on the twisted track. Once the safety was opened and as they got off the roller coaster, while the girls were chattering away happily, Keima was all tired.



Anyway, Keima was being dragged around.

Then, they went to the game corner. They played racing games, ice hockey, rim basketball and test of strength punch. During this time,

“O, oi, wait a sec, this, this too!?”

Or,

“Oii! You too, Elsie?”

Or things like that. Keima didn’t even have time to rest. However,

“ ...”

Once he entered the row of video games, Keima went silent. His erratic breathing immediately calmed down, his sweat went back into him, and he pushed his glasses.

“ ...”

He silently looked at the game of guessing and problem solving. It was called.

‘~Really smart~test’.

A national versus type intelligence game. It was a game with a number plate that challenges the intelligence of all the gamers in the country. It tests a variety of things, from general knowledge, to mathematical proving, from logical solving to language ability. All sorts of questions were raised,

“Humph.”

But Keima looked uninterested as he won overwhelmingly again and again.

His hands,

Just looked like they were moving in a flash as he immediately pressed the correct answers, and the speed he did so caused everyone else to be left amazed.

“A, amazing~”

Amami Tooru called out, and Elsie,

“Wa! Wa! Kami-sama won again!”

She was grabbing onto the chair Keima was sitting on and being all excited, The ranking of the players with the top scores will be shown on the large screen, and thus, lots of people started to gather unknowingly.

“Wa! What’s going on? He just won another one with a national ranking.”

“...What is he? A genius?”

They were muttering away behind, and finally, Keima ended up facing the 7th ranked player in the country.

"How about this game?"

The opponent raised what looked like a game that's a mix of submarines and international chess. Keima answered,

"...I don't mind."

With the customers in the shop and hundreds of viewers watching.

"..."

Keima narrowed his eyes. His thinking time was longer, and the big screen showed that Keima was at a disadvantage in the game.

Under the opponent's attacks, the sequence disk looked like it was being suppressed.

Amami Tooru held her breath.

Elsie didn't understand the rules at all, but she increased the force of her grip on the chair. And then,

"Fuu."

Keima's body relaxed.

Just like that.

His clear mind saw through the enemy's opening. It was an opening an ordinary person couldn't realize, one really minor and inconspicuous; a logical opening. But to the god of gaming Keima, this was enough. At this moment, a large comeback started.

"Ohh!"

The crowd couldn't help but cheer for this beautiful reversal as smooth and quick movements accompanied the instantaneous calm thoughts.

Quick direct attacks.

Skillfully set traps.

He continued to attack and weaken the enemy's base like torrents.

And then,

"I lose. You're too strong."

As if seeing the wry smile on the opposing gamer from the other side of the network as he watched this glorious win, Keima smiled.

"Nice fight."

He sent a reply praising the brilliant performance. At this moment, the people behind exploded into thunderous claps.

The people who were watching the competitor, one who appeared in many national rankings continuously, face off against an unknown challenger in an intense battle all gave their praise.

Red or yellow text were dancing about.

“...Fuu.”

Finally, Keima seemed to be a little tired as he sighed and left the game console. Amami Tooru was thoroughly amazed.

“Prince! You’re really a prince! That’s amazing! That’s so cool! But, eh?”

She looked puzzled.

“Why a game?”

What she asked wasn’t really clear. Perhaps it was ‘why are you so strong in games?’

As for this question.

“ ... ”

A delicate expression appeared on Keima’s face as he observed the person...but the one who answered was Elsie, who was completely immersed in the victory.

“U~! Ka, Kami-nii-sama!”

And she sounded really excited.

“Kami-sama’s really a god!”

At that moment.

“ ... ”

Amami Tooru’s movements went stiff, and then,

“?”

“ ...?”

Right in front of Elsie and the mystified looking Keima,

“AHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!”

She started laughing like something was broken.

“God! I see, the prince is a god!”

If,

She said, and smiled.

“I was right when I cosplayed as an angel, right? Kami-sama? Ahh, I see! So that’s how it is! That’s great, I turned into an angel and saved god!”

“ ... ”

Keima continued to remain silent through, and Amami Tooru said with a clear expression,

“You’re god, and I’m the angel, so that means,”

She pointed at Elsie,

“You’re a cute devil, right, Ell-chan?”

It was an inexplicable,

And an ambiguous expression.

“Now the three of us are god, angel and devil!”

Elsie was shocked even though it should be merely a coincidence.

However, it felt like she said the truth...

And then,

“ ... ”

Keima remained silent as he continued to stare at Amami Tooru’s expression. “...For some reason.”

Elsie whispered to Keima.

“Tooru-san really gives an inexplicable feeling, isn’t it?”

After what happened then, the three of them arrived at the activity floor at the top.

They were surrounded by all sorts of cosplayers. As the Dance Event was about to start, lots of people were gathering here.

Giving an expressionless face, Keima was looking through his glasses at the back profile of Amami Tooru, who went to get the free drinks from the drink corner.

“ ... ”

And now, he turned around silently to look at Elsie.

Elsie lowered her head and corrected,

“No, she doesn’t just give an inexplicable feeling. She’s really inexplicable.”

Kokukoku, she nodded her head.

It's unknown when she noticed Elsie's presence. Even though she probably didn't mean it, she did mention Elsie's real identity and so on.

"...Kami-sama. Are 'Denpa-type' people really inexplicable people with such sharp intuition?

Elsie asked Keima again.

Keima considered about the question for a while.

"Is that so."

And he nodded his head.

"Denpa-type people would often display an inexplicable instinct. This may be a woman's sixth sense or some signal that was received...this is still something unknown, so listen up, Elsie. Keima lifted his finger up and started to explain.

"The Denpa-type can mostly be sorted into the 'genuine receiver-type' and the 'flower field-type'. Both of them have very huge differences in their appearances. The 'genuine-nature type' has a plain skin color and is expressionless, and most of them would have short hair or really short hair. In contrast, the 'flower field-type' girls would pretend by wearing ordinary girls' clothing, and there's an 80% to 90% chance that they would have long hair or medium long hair."

He raised these characteristics with the tone of a lecture.

"The 'genuine receiver-type' would normally have a dark side under normal circumstances, like saying something weird out of a sudden or making strange gestures. Like what the term implies, this group of people will normally do eccentric things once they receive some bad waves, and this element can be extremely dangerous...I got involved in a few dangerous moments of hell before."

Keima's glasses shone.

"In other words, it's really troublesome."

Elsie was dripping in cold sweat.

"Really troublesome?"

"Very."

Keima sighed.

"Well, Amami Tooru's the latter, the 'flower field-type', the direct opposite of the 'genuine receiver-type'. First, they would take any eccentric actions, and they're a type of people who have a unique set of rules as they view

things from a unique world. To think that they are confused with the 'natural' characters, but,"

Keima twitched his neat eyebrows slightly.

"BUT THEY'RE DIFFERENT! COMPLETELY DIFFERENT!"

"...How are they completely different?"

The moment Elsie asked this, Keima stared back at Elsie, who asked this question, with a slightly cold expression.

"Do you think ice cream and sorbet are the same?"

Once again, Elsie seemed to see the large images of the ice cream and sorbet behind Keima. Just like that.

'Ice cream. A frozen product that's made by adding milk, sugar, flavoring, gelatin to cream and freezing it!'

And,

'Sorbet. A frozen food that's made by adding sugar solution to fruit juice, mixing them up and freezing them!'

And the explanations.

But as expected, these were just hallucinations.

"It's true that the common point between these two is that they're cold desserts, but the contents are different."

Keima continued with his lesson.

"First, the 'natural' won't make up stories. Though their concept of reality may be a little off, it is still based on reality. In the end, this 'natural' would mean that the current reality and the 'natural' reality are slightly different. However, the 'flower garden' type is different. Their concept of reality is completely different from reality. Quite the opposite, we ordinary people can only establish a common link with them if our difference in values would at least have some overlaps. The 'flower garden-type' is one that's guided by some invisible fairy's voice. There's definitely a consistent view of the world behind her."

" ... "

Elsie remained silent. What Keima said was way too hard to understand. She could only put her index fingers on back sides of her head as her eyes look lost.

Keima gave a thinking look as he crossed his arms and supported his chin with one hand.

“However,”

He muttered,

“...I don’t know what’s the ‘story’ of Amami Tooru based on.”

For the entire day, Keima was watching Amami Tooru, and even though his physical body was all tired, that sharp mind of his was thinking calmly.

The nature of the story Amami Tooru.

The key to getting close to her inner heart.

However.

(She was an angel when I met her, and I guess she was in princess mode when she called me ‘prince’. But after that, they were all anime characters, contemporary drama style, and even other costumes like thief and bunny outfits, and again calling herself an angel...impossible. Normally, the ‘flower garden-type’ would come up with a story that flows according to how they build themselves, a single world, and stick themselves into a certain character. Amami Tooru’s situation’s completely different. We’re in a free cosplay facility, but the changes in the image are way too much. Not just the appearance, but also the content of the dialogue.)

Keima continued to wonder about this problem. His mind was moving at full speed.

(Amami Tooru doesn’t have a defining personality. Why is that?) He would often find chances to ask Amami Tooru all sorts of questions.

Randomly.

Sometimes forcefully.

Regarding the ‘Guiding star’ she was looking for and the cause and effect of this ‘eternal plus’.

Or rather, the specific image of this ‘eternal plus’.

Speaking of which, why was she dressed as an angel when they first met?

Anyway, he tried his best to talk to her as he tried to look for clues.

However,

“I don’t know, or rather,”

It even seemed that Amami Tooru would often evade the questions skillfully. He tried his best to ask things that were close to her world in order not to affect her mood, but he just couldn’t grasp this world itself.

“Don’t tell me.”

Keima suddenly thought of an unpleasant conclusion.

(...Was she faking it? Was Amami Tooru pretending to be a 'Denpakei'?)

However, he quickly denied his own thoughts.

(No, that's impossible. It wouldn't be beneficial for her to pretend to be a 'Denpakei' type unless she was targeting Elsie and me right from the beginning and thought of a few tricks. Also, that's the biggest difference between a 'natural' and a 'denpakei'...therefore.)

Thinking till here, Keima finally realized something abnormal.

"Arre? Speaking of which, where's Amami Tooru?" She said that she went off to get drinks, but after a long time, she isn't back yet.

Keima himself seemed to be buried in his own thoughts as a long time was spent, and Elsie, who just went 'uu~' up till now while listening to Keima's lesson, hears Keima's words,

"Ah, are? Speaking of which!"

She looked around.

"This, this is bad! Kami-sama! Tooru-san, she's not here!"

Keima opened his eyes, and growled,

"Ku, so..."

It seemed that the matter he was most worried of happened...

This was a scenario a while back, as a girl who was dressed in a bunny suit was watching Keima and Elsie from afar.

Her eyes,

"..."

Were full of sadness.

She looked at the handphone and saw the name that was shown on it.

"So...I have to go back now, is it?"

Her blurry expression was suddenly awake.

Kya kya, the happy smile of hers wasn't there anymore.

She wasn't like an ordinary girl, and the relaxing atmosphere became a heavy tired one. The angel soon became a human again.

Not in any image,

Only a human.

Back to a girl called Amami Tooru.

“Goodbye.”

For a moment, she stared at Keima reluctantly,

“I don’t know why you accompanied me until the end.”

She turned around, raised a hand and said,

“Thank you, I had fun today.”

This,

Was a farewell speech to a boy she never intended to meet. Just like that, she walked straight towards the exit of the banquet.

After a while,

The dance event started, and exciting music started to flow as the surrounding people started dancing about. At this moment,

“THA, THAT’S WHY, THAT’S WHY I HATE THE DENPAKEI!”

Keima shouted to his heart’s content.

“NOW I HAVE TO START ALL OVER AGAIN!”

Chapter 2: The Front and Back Sides of the Coin

On the next day after they lost Amami Tooru at the Dean Land.

Katsuragi Keima, the 'Capturing God' dragged his feet and walked around on the street. His body was tilted forward, his shoulders were slumped, and he looked very listless.

"Haa."

Keima sighed while still in his school uniform.

After school, he came out without even changing his clothes. Beside him, Elsie was also in school uniform as she walked beside him.

"...There's no response. Right now."

Elsie muttered as she touched the skull hairpiece,

"I tried looking around yesterday, but Tooru-san seemed to have escaped outside my detection range."

After saying that, she watched Keima in an apologetic manner. Keima said with a listless expression.

"It's alright. One characteristic of a 'Denpakei' is that it's rare to meet them."

"Is, is that so?"

"Un, basically, we don't know her residence and background, and there are also cases when we don't know whether it's a real name or not. One of the biggest reasons why the Denpakei is so troublesome is that we can only walk around randomly on the streets and hope."

Just when he just finished saying that.

Dorodorodorodorodoro.

Elsie's runaway spirit sensor suddenly had a reaction.

Both Elsie and Keima were stunned.

"It's here!"

Elsie said.

(That's too fast...)

Keima muttered deep inside. Elsie pointed her finger and said,

"That way."

Both of them looked over. At the entrance near a shopping street, a girl was walking slowly in a horizontal manner at the arcade.

Then,

“Who’s that?”

“Eh?”

Both of them were stunned. That person,

Wasn’t Amami Tooru.

To actually,

“Ee?”

“Ha?”

To think that it was a completely different girl from Amami Tooru!

“WA! WA! WHAT’S GOING ON!?”

“Calm down!”

Keima chided.

“It’s alright. That’s just another girl with a runaway spirit.”

“But, but. How did it happen! Eh?”

Just when Elsie was panicking, another change happened.

Dorodorodorodorodoro.

The runaway spirit detector again reacted. This time, it was in a completely opposite direction. Elsie and Keima instinctively turned around.

“Uu.”

Keima couldn’t help but bemoan.

“WA~ WA~! It’s Tooru-san this time...”

Elsie looked lost as she said that. In the corner on the opposite side, at a place directly opposite from where the girl was, Amami Tooru was walking alone.

She didn’t seem to realize what was going on here.

“WA~ WA~! THEY’RE BOTH WALKING AWAY!”

Elsie flailed her arms about.

She looked up at Keima and waited for his decision.

“ ... ”

Keima quickly made his decision, and immediately after thinking, instructed Elsie.

“Elsie! Go chase after Amami Tooru! I’ll go chase after that new girl!”

“Bu, but!”

“Just go already! Catch up and try to delay Amami Tooru! You hear me!? And as for contacting...no, just bring her to my house if possible!”

After saying that, Keima ran away to chase after that unknown again.

Elsie didn’t hesitate too.

“I, I got it! I’ll do my best!”

And thus, she ran off in the opposite direction.

Keima’s judgement was simple. One simple point; Amami Tooru and Elsie knew each other. In other words, Elsie could get Amami Tooru to stop even after chasing after her.

However, in contrast, Keima had no information on this unknown girl he was facing, and he could only check her situation out personally. Only Keima could say hello to her or call her. Thus, Keima let Elsie chase after Amami Tooru, and he went to chase after the other girl.

Luckily, the girl was walking in a rather casual piece, and even Keima could catch up successfully. (Even so, Keima was already panting hard).

“!”

Soon after, Keima saw her back and frowned.

“Eh?”

Keima was shocked.

“Is it from...our school?”

The girl was wearing the uniform of Maijima Private High School where Keima was studying at, and also,

“ ...”

The girl who heard Keima’s footsteps, and what she said when she turned around stunned Keima.

“Arre? Katsuragi-kun?”

Keima was shocked, and stopped.

She,

Was a girl in the same class as Keima...

Keima would hardly interact with other people at school. Whether it was during break time or lessons (and even PE lessons!), he would always be holding his handheld games and playing his bishoujo games, so he became a weirdo to the rest.

Keima himself wouldn't talk to girls in real life who he thought were imperfect existences, and the girls would tease him as an Otomegane who only knew how to play games from day to night, and no one would try to interact with him actively.

Thus, instead of saying that Keima himself won't remember these girls names...

(I remember...)

Keima thought.

(Yoshino Asami, that's her name...)

That wasn't the case. Katsuragi Keima had an exceptional memory. Keima could still remember these girls name if there was a chance where he would do duty together with someone or when someone was called by the teacher to do something.

Keima also remembered the other personal particulars of this girl.

(Member of the Tea Ceremony Club. Sits at the back row of the classroom. Would often read books alone. Extremely quiet.)

The fragments of information.

Keima knew all these, but.

(A person who's not special per say.)

"...Keima-kun too."

The girl,

Yoshino Asami said with a calm tone,

"Are you going in this direction too?"

"Eh?"

"Home?"

"Ah, ahh."

Keima's response lagged for several moments, but was extremely quick.

"No, I just had something to do, so I came over here."

He shook his head. He continued to observe Yoshino Asami, and was perplexed. It was tough, there was no clues at all.

She had a nice face, and her body profile was also rather good. However, There was nothing that gave her the 'beauty' impression like Amami Tooru. It wasn't like 'cute' or 'active', but even so, she did have a mouth, and she's not expressionless.

She was smiling,

There were a lot of girls who made fun of Keima, so it's rare to see someone like her take the initiative to talk.

But it wasn't like she had feelings for Keima, and it wasn't out of loving compassion.

Her voice was normal.

Her expression was normal.

Her dress attire was normal too. Everything was normal, everything was plain.

"...?"

As Keima was suddenly silent, she frowned slightly as she didn't understand. However,

"...Ehh, if possible, can we walk together for a while?"

After Keima asked that,

"Sure."

She smiled and nodded her head.

However,

This expression was normal too.

She wasn't a sportsgirl, and he never heard that she was rich. She looked like she liked to read books, but it's not like this literature girl didn't have a mouth. She wasn't a fighter, and yet not an idol. She didn't avoid Keima, but wasn't especially close to him.

She was just plain.

Plain, the sort of feeling when she would talk to a classmate when she's on the way home. Keima felt extremely troubled as he was walking beside Yoshino Asami.

Up till now, the experiences he had showed that those with a runaway spirit would have obvious traits, either good or bad. For example, being very eccentric or being very aggressive. Then, he would take on these traits, find a gap and tackle them.

But this Yoshino Asami was way too ordinary.

A shocking contrast from the 'Denpakei' Amami Tooru Elsie should be chasing now.

"...Today."

Keima asked.

"There's no club activities?"

"None."

Yoshino Asami answered as she walked.

"If I remember correctly,"

Keima then asked,

"It's the Tea Ceremony Club, right?"

Keima really needed clues urgently, no matter what it was or how little it was. On facing these questions, Yoshino Asami was slightly surprised,

"Arrea? You're really sure about that, Katsuragi-kun."

"One of the notes on the class noticeboard is a review of clubs, right? That one where we see who join which club. I did that on my duty day, so I remembered."

"Oh~"

On hearing that answer, Yoshino Asami looked amazed,

"Katsuragi-kun's memory's really good."

She smiled.

Keima felt anxious.

All these were too plain. To Keima, it might be better if she tried to avoid him or even feel disgusted by him.

What is this girl?

Keima thought.

Thus, he tried a little jab in his words.

"As for you, Yoshino-san."

He deliberately made a mischievous expression.

“...You would actually remember my name. The name of an Otamegane who only knows how to play games.”

“ ...”

Yoshino Asami didn't really have any special response.

And then,

“Because,”

She smiled calmly,

“You're very famous, Katsuragi-kun very famous. Definitely more famous than what you imagine.”

She answered in an extremely ordinary manner.

Keima was troubled.

It felt that there's a wall between him and Yoshino Asami, but he wasn't clear about what this thin wall was about. This wall that gave an 'extremely normal response' was a troublesome one.

Soon after.

“Ah, Katsuragi-kun, I've arrived at my house.”

Yoshino Asami smiled as she said and waved her hand.

“See you at school tomorrow.”

She sounded so calm even at the end. She walked into a bungalow that was opposite.

“Eh...un, see you tomorrow.”

Seeing her like this, Keima couldn't help but think,

(Even the house looks so normal!)



It was really a standard bungalow amongst standards.

--

"It can't be helped."

After looking at this bungalow that didn't have any unique feel to it, Keima could only shake his head. It doesn't feel like there would be any benefit for him to continue looking at Yoshino Asami's house.

Anyway, the girl with a runaway spirit was Keima's classmate, and he confirmed her residence. It was fruitful as compared to Amami Tooru, who he didn't know anything of. Now he should met up with Amami Tooru and Elsie first.

As he made this decision and was about to step forward, Keima suddenly realized something.

(Speaking of which,)

Yoshino Asami should be in school today. However, Elsie's spirit detector didn't have any response to it.

In other words...

(Maybe a runaway spirit went in when she went home. I better check with Elsie tomorrow just to be safe.)

He nodded his head.

And then,

"Oh?"

He suddenly stopped in his tracks. As he was talking with Yoshino Asami up till now, he didn't realize that there was a small old bookstore beside her house.

A small shop.

The type where they were placed like a wagon sale.

Keima's eyes than sharply noticed a few magazines that were placed on the shelves of the wagon.

<<Bishoujo Game Guide>>

And also,

<<From Tsundere to Yandere~ a certain game developers own words~>>

It was selling books that looked like they were about to move his heart

“Mu.”

Keima really couldn't ignore them.

“Ummmm.”

He took a few books that were lined up with a heavy expression and started browsing.

Even if he wanted to buy them, he had to check their contents.

--

After about 10 minutes later,

“I'm going then~”

A lively voice came from next door, and a girl jumped out. Keima suddenly lifted his head.

This voice,

He couldn't be mistaken.

It was Yoshino Asami!

The girl then stopped.

“?”

And after realizing that Keima was behind her, she showed a surprised look.

“...Katsuragi, kun?”

Perhaps bothered that the person she just left was still here, Yoshino Asami frowned and looked at Keima, and Keima was thinking,

“Ah, arre?”

For some reason,

(There was a huge change in her expression...)

The girl saw Keima holding the <<Bishoujo game Guide>>,

“As expected.”

She smiled as she said that.

“You're Katsuragi-kun, aren't you?”

“Ah, ahh.”

“That's so like you~”

“Eh?”

“Reading game books like this.”

“Un? Ahh...well, Yoshino?”

“What is it?”

Having changed into casual clothes, Yoshino Asami casually tied the hair behind her head and smiled at Keima. She didn't show any real concern about Keima like just now, but now, it's rather...

“Are...are you really Yoshino?”

Yoshino Asami was stunned for a while.

And then she smiled,

“Ahahaha, really! I'm Yoshino!”

And then she showed a mischievous smile.

“I'm Yoshino, Yoshino Asami!”

Keima was shocked. As for way,

The impression Yoshino Asami gave others had a huge change.

Was it because she was wearing plainclothes?

Or was it because she had makeup on.

Unlike before, she looked really energetic. Just 10 minutes ago, as she entered her own house, it felt like she was wearing clothing of 'equal value' which gave an impression of not have any special characteristics.

But now, she was giving off a vibrant and energetic vibe.

From head to toe, he could feel that she was full of self-confidence and delight, and what was more unbelievable was the way she was talking lively,

“Hey, Katsuragi-kun.”

Yoshino Asami lifted her eyes slightly and said with an impish-like sweet voice.

“...You look very bored. How about you go for a drink with me?”

She became a really cute, really charming girl.

Keima really couldn't understand.

This girl.

Was a complete mystery!

Before he even knew it, he was sitting down at a nearby sweets shop and having tea with Yoshino Asami. The first floor was of a wooden open deck,

and there was a blue umbrella covering them from above. The table and chairs were of the more delicate kind, and it was a cafeteria with quite the sense.

The shop attendants uniforms were cute too.

They were at this tea shop,

“...And then, I watched this TV program the last time.”

Yoshino Asami said some pointless things.

Keima stared at her blankly,

(I see...so it's 'dual personalities'.)

Once he recovered, he continued to observe the girl.

It wasn't dual personalities.

But dual characters.

Characters. Basically, he's taking down girls in a galge manner, so to Keima, it wasn't about 'personalities', but 'character'.

Dual characters would mean that the girl had two different 'characters'.

Like how she would look proud in front of others and yet look so humble when it's two people. Or when the girl's normally capable, but would act like a bumbling onee-san in front of the protagonist in a mero mero manner.

The biggest characteristic girl with such dual characters would be that they would have completely different responses and actions in a fixed situation.

(This girl's situation...)

Keima's eyes flashed.

(So the switch's inside and outside of school, right?)

But it was too early to conclude that.

The girl with a runaway spirit definitely had some problem.

This problem is related to the girl's actions and words. This was what he understood greatly after conquering a few girls.

If,

Like what Keima deduced, that this Yoshino Asami has dual characters, this trait of hers would have a direct relation to her problem.

“Hey.”

Suddenly, Yoshino Asami waved her hand in front of Keima and asked,

“Were you listening there, Keima-kun?”

“Eh? Ah, ahh.”

Keima recovered and looked at Yoshino Asami.

“Sorry...where were we?”

“Really~”

And Yoshino Asami puffed her cheeks.

“I said that it’s troublesome that the tea ceremony club couldn’t draw people in.”

“Really? Sorry then.”

Yoshino Asami smiled.

“It’s alright.”

And then said jokingly,

“So how about you treat this one?”

After saying that, she continued drinking her iced coffee from the straw as she gave a mischievous expression. Keima smiled.

His eyes were giving off a warm light.

“I’ll be happy to do so.”

“!”

Yoshino Asami’s face went a little red.

Keima’s looks were really primp and proper, and the girl’s heart seemed to be moved by it as she frantically said,

“Really~ really~ I was joking...Katsuragi-kun, you’re unexpectedly serious.”

“...”

“Speaking of which, Katsuragi-kun...it may be a little rude of me to say this.”

“?”

“Lo, looking at you closely, are, aren’t you quite handsome?”

Keima frowned. He wasn’t unhappy, just a little shocked.

“Ahahaha! It’s very different from what I hea...heard from the other girls. Aren’t you called otamegane?”

“A few of them do...”

“But, you’re quite a looker, right?”

She grinned and narrowed her eyes.

“You have a girlfriend already, right? You’re a playboy, right?”

“ ... ”

Keima didn’t know what to answer.

The most important thing was that he felt,

What was this girl worrying about?

Yoshino Asami was so carefree, so worry-free. The strange wall he experienced when they went back home together disappeared completely.

(In other words.)

Keima’s eyes shone.

(The dual character problem was in school, isn’t it?)

In this situation, the key would be that he had to meet her again in school.
As Keima was thinking about this,

“Ah, arre?”

A soft voice came from beside him.

“Are you...prince?”

On hearing this voice, his heart pounded wildly.

(Do, don’t tell me!)

It shouldn’t be like this.

It couldn’t be like this.

It mustn’t be like this.

This situation...

(eh!?)

As he turned around, he thought.

(What were you doing, Elsie!?)

Standing over there was,

“...Good afternoon, prince.”

The ‘Denpakei’ girl Amami Tooru...

In bishoujo games, there were often situations where the girls that were being conquered at the same time would appear at the same time to create a ‘Shuraba’ event.

Based on the event, there would be a likelihood that the protagonist could create jealousy in the girls and move in further. However, if he ended up losing the trust of both parties, it would be a direct Bad Ending.

It was an event which required very delicate decision making.

Keima quickly looked at the expressions of the two girls.

First, Yoshino Asami.

“Fuu~n.”

She made such a sound as she narrowed her eyes, putting her arms on the table as she smiled at Keima in a very interested manner. On the other side, Amami Tooru,

She,

“...”

Was looking at Keima sadly.

“Ah, no, this isn’t,”

Keima hurriedly answered.

This, this is bad!

His heart was thinking that this was bad, that this couldn’t do, but he didn’t know what to say.

Speaking of which, why was Amami Tooru here?

“...I went over there.”

Amami Tooru pointed at the street opposite the tea shop.

“And I saw a familiar back profile, prince.”

Guwaa~

It’s already hard for them to have an encounter, but she appeared here in such a scary moment.

That’s why ‘Denpakei’ were hard to handle!

“Well.”

At this moment, Yoshino Asami casually took out a notebook from her bag, ripped a piece of paper out and wrote a series of numbers with a pen she brought out.

“That’s my mail.”

She smiled and said,

“You must send mail to me, pri-nce♪”

She blinked an eye lightly and stood up.

“Ah.”

Keima immediately tried to stop her without thinking as he stood up, but at this moment.

“ ... ”

Amami Tooru turned around wordlessly.

“Wa, wait a minute!”

To Keima, this reaction was way too awkward, but it couldn’t be helped.

That super-precise of his,

(It’s hard to meet Amami Tooru, so it seems that she had some misunderstanding between Yoshino Asami and me, so I should call out to stop Amami Tooru, but in this case, I’ll end up moving away from Yoshino Asami, who I managed to get closer with. Also, Amami Tooru’s response really puzzles me. It may be better to let her misunderstand...but the opposite effect may happen too!)

Was spinning at high speeds.

Yoshino Asami and Amami Tooru. Who should he talk to?

Who should he explain things to?

Who should he call out to?

Facing this fated question,

“It’s practically 50-50!”

No.

(There won’t be any good outcome no matter who I call!)

He got this conclusion.

“Ah, that’s right!”

Facing

“How about you treat then? Thanks for the ice coffee♪”

Yoshino Asami waved her hand and left with light steps, and,

“ ... ”

Amami Tooru gave an icy expression that could scare Keima as she again wordlessly glanced at him. Keima couldn’t make an effective move before

they left the terrace. Whether it's Yoshino Asami or Amami Tooru, both of them left Keima alone at the tea shop.

"Wha, what's going on..."

At this moment, Keima didn't have any clue.

This was completely unexpected.

Or rather.

"Elsie..."

If she had kept Amami Tooru busy well, this ridiculous event wouldn't have happened.

At this moment.

"Ka, kami-sama~!"

Dededededede. The person who caused this event to happen came running over. She looked like she was going to cry and said,

"I, I'm really sorry~ I lost sight of Tooru-san!"

"You,"

Keima said this, and then,

"YOU IDIOT!!! SHE WAS HERE JUST A WHILE AGO!!!"

In response to Elsie's mistake,

Keima couldn't help but hug his head and scream out...

Chapter 3: Double Bind

On the night when Amami Tooru and Yoshino Asami left at the same time. Katsuragi Keima remained silent, and ignored Elsie completely after he got home as he continued with his gaming.

First, it was dinner.

Keima's mother had something on and had to go out, so Elsie made it. At least it's safe. Or rather, that's what Elsie believed.

Keima glanced at the crawling food (which looked like a skeleton's hand).

"..."

Normally, he would start grumbling about it.

"..."

He wordlessly put the food into his mouth and continued to play his PFP. Elsie couldn't help but break out a little cold sweat, but Keima remained silent.

Elsie too,

"..."

"It, it's not good for digestion when you play game and eat at the same time!"

Or

"Let's talk as we eat!"

Would suggest something like that usually. But as she failed very badly today, she couldn't tell Keima off.

Dinner proceeded silently. After Keima finished eating,

"I've finished."

He said these words quietly and moved straight to the sofa at the living room as he continued with his game. It was silence, silence that came with extreme pressure. Elsie's expression was obviously nervous, not knowing what to do. Anyway, she decided to clear the dishes and watch Keima as she washed the plates.

Keima was completely silent.

Elsie finished washing and wiped her hands. Keima was still silent.

“Er, erm, kami-sama...since we just finished dinner, I want to peel some fruit. What do you want?”

Silence.

“The, then, there’s apple and pear, you know?”

Still nothing.

Elsie,

(U~!) Held back her urge to cry out as she walked towards Keima. She sat down beside him, her knees bent together as she placed her hands on it.

“Eh, ehehe.”

She gave an engaging smile as she leaned her shoulder over.

“Ka, kami-sama. Well, today, that’s, erm.”

Just when she was about to apologize.

“I’ll take a shower.”

After saying this, Keima stood up and hurriedly left the living room, leaving behind Elsie who was crying away.

Keima was playing the PFP which was waterproofed in the bathtub. Even though Elsie was really worried,

He wasn’t angry.

He was thinking.

About the conquests this time.

He felt a little repulsed.

The ‘Denpakei’ Amami Tooru and ‘Dual Character’ Yoshino Asami. For some reason,

It felt like he left out something important.

Actually, Keima didn’t feel that the meetings with the two girls were tough. He was spinning his head at full speed to set a guideline. He nodded his head, and just when he was about to get out of the bathtub,

“Er, erm, kami-sama!!”

At that moment, the bathroom door suddenly opened.

“At, at least let me scrub your back!”

After saying that, Elsie gave a determined look as she rushed in. Just like how she and Keima met just before, her white naked body was only covered with the towel that was transformed from the hagoromo.

Her curves were unexpectedly ample.

And this figure was now hidden.

After Keima tensed up for a while,

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!”

He screamed out.

After thinking of ways to chase Elsie out of the bathroom, Keima changed and returned back to the living room while looking like he was enduring a headache.

Elsie also changed back into her original clothes.

“I’m sorry~, kami-sama, I’m sorry~”

She was rubbing her face as she shed tears. At this moment, Keima finally noticed that Elsie was depressed over her mistake just now.

“...”

He was speechless for a moment, and he then turned his reddened face away like he was hiding his embarrassment.

“I’m okay with it already! This isn’t some major mistake anyway, Elsie.”

“But~ but~”

“...Listen up, Elsie?”

Keima sighed and said.

“You saw many of my conquests from close up, right? Sometimes, the tactic of giving girls a bad impression may be an effective move.”

“But~but~”

“Once I make her angry, once I’m hated by her, there’ll be a hint on how to conquer her successfully.”

“Bu, but~ but~”

“Minus points, Elsie. It’s sometimes linked to plus points.”

Keima said.

“We just need to believe.”

He merely stood up and placed his hand on his chest.

However.

"I just need this belief. To be able to do something for this girl, to definitely be able to help this girl."

To Elsie, that handsome and clean looking face of Keima, who just so happened to be facing the light, could be described as pretty.

This was just like a real one,

Like a game imported expression.

A guy's expression while he's full of belief.

Elsie inadvertently

"..."

Blushed.

"The, then."

However, Keima didn't seem to notice Elsie's expression.

"As proof that I didn't really mind it, I'll give you the same mission, got it?"

"..."

"Elsie! Are you listening!?"

"Ah, ye, yes!"

Elsie slowly recovered and hurriedly answered.

"What, what is it, kami-sama?"

Elsie's face was still a little red.

"Really."

And he narrowed his eyes with a disappointed expression.

"That's good, Elsie. We're working separately. I'll chase after Yoshino Asami. You will go find Amami Tooru."

"Eh?"

"Of course, we'll be working together in school, but the efficiency will be higher once we separate after school. I'll interact with Yoshino Asami inside school and outside, and if possible, I'll conquer her. During this time, you will look around on the streets and find Amami Tooru."

"...Erm, search out?"

"Find her and bring her home. If you can't, try finding a way to contact. If there's a need to track Amami Tooru down to her house, so be it. Anything. As long as we can find out any clue about her background."

“Clue...clue?”

“Yes. You have the runaway spirit sensor, right? And you saw it in Amami Tooru as my younger sister. In the current phase, she probably doesn’t have any negative feelings about you. So you have to walk around the streets, thoroughly.”

“We, well.”

Keima nodded his head.

“We’ll have a battle on two fronts, a simultaneous conquest. So while you make contact with Amami Tooru, I’ll start my conquest on the other side.”

“ ...”

Keima sighed as he said this.

And then, he blushed as his finger scratched his face. He said softly,

“I still trust you, and find you reliable.”

Softly,

“Somewhat.”

“!”

Elsie’s eyes immediately widened.

That brain of hers which definitely couldn’t be called smart digested the meaning of the words Keima just said.

“I trust you.”

“I find you reliable.”

The meaning behind it.

The weight behind it.

To Elsie,

It was all enough...

“Kami-sama!”

She stood up tearily and hugged Keima.

“Thank you!”

She thought that this person was really a god.

“I’ll do my best!”

In response, what Keima said was,

“Wah, hey! Le, let go of me! Don’t get too close!”

Just that.

His face was redder than before.

After being all delighted, Elsie let go of Keima and asked,

“But.”

She placed her finger on her face and asked in a puzzled manner.

“...Erm, it's not that I'm making irresponsible remarks about kami-sama's plan, but why not conquer them one by one?”

It was a simple question.

“...”

Keima remained silent. Elsie then said,

“I find that it would be less difficult.”

At this moment, Keima started laughing, ‘fu’, and pushed his glasses.

“Well, I'm actually a single route follower, but it's not like I can't conquer both at the same time.”

And then, he muttered,

(I haven't really seen it before, but there's a game with really bad balance such that I can't conquer one person without trying to conquer more than 10 of them at the same time...)

And then, he clenched his fist and said,

“Anyway, a gal-gamer won't be scared of trying to conquer at the same time!”

Facing these forceful words, Elsie could only,

“Ha, haa.”

Nod her head away. Keima was burning ridiculously for some reason.

On the next day, Keima and Elsie observed Yoshino Asami while they were in school. Both of them kept their faces near each other while watching her read a book at the seat at the back of the classroom.

(Are we right?)

They were whispering to each other.

(That's right...it's her. She had a runaway spirit.)

Elsie answered. Her runaway spirit detector was reacting. Doro doro. Keima stared at her.

“...Is that so?”

He merely muttered that.

Keima just felt that there was something he couldn't figure out...

Anyway, he kept his doubts to himself. First, they started collecting information about Yoshino Asami. It was at this point that Elsie made a huge contribution.

Or rather, since Keima, who couldn't integrate himself into the class at all, would be completely useless, only Elsie, who was extremely sociable and gets on really well with both genders, could do so; and this would be the more precise explanation. Either way, Elsie made a huge contribution.

Then,

The reason why it was like it was because Elsie's personality was such that she really couldn't act, causing Keima to have all sorts of information on Yoshino Asami from all angles.

Witness account number 1.

A girl who provided the first information, called A.K.

“Ee-chan, why are you so mindful about Yoshino-san...well, it doesn't really matter. Yoshino-san, eh...well, I'm not really clear about that person at all. It's not that she's being bullied or hated or anything, but well, it seems like she couldn't get along well. We went to play darts together. Yeah, it was like a class outing. At that time...arre, it's a little too much to say it to you like that, Ee-chan, but the one who was far away from everyone and didn't take part at all was your brother. Ee-chan, your brother Keima-kun always give that vibe, often...are, what's that? Game? Anyway, it seemed like he was always playing games, and Yoshino-san went back home because she said she had a cold. Thus, our relationship's still not very close now.”

Witness account number 2

A boy who sits beside Yoshino Asami, called E.K.

“Me? Un? Soccer club~ I'm the ace and the forward, and also 16 years old. Trying hard to gather girlfriends...eh? You want me to tell you about Yoshino-san instead of this? Ah, hahaha, okay, okay. I got it, Elsie-chan. Eh, Yoshino-san who sits beside me, un...actually, as far as I know, that girl looks a little frail. I once invited her out before. You see, Yoshino-san's

pretty good looking too, right? I like those 'ordinary-looking' girls. And then, we went out to sing karaoke with other guys and girls. Then, she didn't seem to be feeling well then and kept resting outside...more than that, Elsie-chan. How about we go for karaoke next time? Eh? What? ...ah, hahaha. So you need your brother's permission? Is, is that so?"

Witness account number 3

A girl who's also from the tea ceremony club, called T.Y.

"What nya? You're talking about Asa-chin? Asa-chin...well, I don't really know Asa-chin~. She's really 'ordinary'~. H, but I do know about this, you know? Asa-chin looks like she's easily sick~last time, everyone went to the theme park, and she didn't seem to feel well after taking that spinning thing. She tried her best, but ended up resting on the bench~ but, Asa-chin will never say anything bad about others, and she would sweep and clear the rubbish quietly. I think she's a good person hya~n."

"Number 3."

Keima read through the reports that was collected during lunch (repeating what Elsie just said into a notebook), and couldn't help but give off cold sweat.

"...That's really intense."

Besides feeling interested in it, there were other aspects he was interested in.

"I see...'ordinary', is it?"

Will this person really change outside school...no, once she's in normal clothing?

Keima narrowed his eyes as he remembered Yoshino Asami who was so lively and talkative yesterday. At that time, she gave the impression that she liked hanging out with others, that she was really lively.

Keima pondered.

Such a person like her...

Why would she become like this in school?

"..."

"And then, there's this."

Elsie, who linked her table together with Keima's as they were eating their bentos together, looked around and brought her face close.

"This report's really a little unconfirmed..."

"?"

Puzzled, Keima prompted her,

"What's wrong?"

Elsie stuttered and said,

"I don't really believe this,"

"So, what is it?"

"...Ah~! It's strange! I feel that there's no such thing!"

"El..sie—!"

"Ah, okay, okay. It's about...this."

Elsie continued to stutter, but after Keima glared at her, she started waving her hand frantically and said,

"Eh, this...the 3rd person said that. Yoshino-san, she may have someone she likes."

"Oh?"

Keima coolly accepted it unhurriedly.

The possibility was small.

But he didn't deny this possibility. A possibility that the 'dual character' was a result of having a crush on someone.

"And then."

Keima drank his green tea as he calmly thought and waited for Elsie to add on.

"She said that the person she liked could be you."

"GUHHAA!!"

Keima choked as the tea was splendidly spit out.

"Ho? Wha, what? What did you say?"

Keima hurriedly wiped his mouth as he turned to look at Elsie.

"Is this true? What's going on?"

"Who, who knows?"

Elsie chuckled in a vague manner,

“It, it’s strange, isn’t it?”

“THAT’S WAY TOO STRANGE!”

Keima concluded. Not understanding what’s going on, Elsie said,

“Th~that’s right. It’s great that she’s the one being conquered. Kami-sama, the problem is that you haven’t done anything...”

And thus, both of them eliminated the one possibility that girls would have any feelings for Keima if he didn’t do anything.

“I heard from that person as well...but.”

Elsie kept her voice down and said in a scary voice like she was talking about ghosts,

“According to that person.”

Keima swallowed his saliva. Elsie then said,

“Yoshino Asami-san, it seemed like she would often look at kami-sama...”

Once she said that, Keima and Elsie seemed to have thought about something as they looked back.

In the end.

What will happen...

“!”

They looked straight in the eye at a very shocked Yoshino Asami. She looked like she was watching here all this time...

Yoshino Asami’s attitude was,

“...”

“...”

After seeing Keima and Elsie stare at her blankly,

“!!”

She hurriedly lowered her head and pretended to be studying. It’s a rare sight as even her neck was red.

Keima too,

“...”

And Elsie too,

“...”

Were stunned. After that, both of them said at the same time.

“No way.”

“I’m thinking the same thing too.”

“It was just that inexplicable.”

Katsuragi Keima continued to think as he sorted out information.

(Being called ‘ordinary’ ...frail? No one she’s really close with, and everyone’s comment about her were all the same. ‘Ordinary’, ‘ordinary’ and ‘ordinary...’)

He made some assumptions before school ended as he played games during lesson time.

“Katsuragi~! Ka~tsuraggiii!”

He continued to ignore the teacher who was lecturing him.

“Katsuragi Katsuragi Katsuragi Katsuragi~!!”

Even with the teacher gritting his teeth and seething with anger, he continued to ignore him.

He continued playing his game as he placed his hand on his face,

“ ... ”

He turned his head to the other side, and finally,

“Uu, Katsuragi...uu, Katsuragi~kun”

The teacher dejectedly left after giving up, yet Keima didn’t respond at all. Also.

Yoshino Asami was watching all these from behind.

And nobody knew whether Keima noticed this stare or not.

After school,

Keima separated from Elsie at the staircase,

“I’ll leave it to you then, Elsie?”

With such an emphasis, Elsie responded with a radiant smile.

“Please leave it to me! I won’t disappoint kami-sama!”

It seemed she was really happy about getting Keima’s trust.

She ran off quickly and lightly as she ran off to look for Amami Tooru on the streets, as according to the plan.

“Fuu.”

Seeing her back, Keima sighed. He had his own things to do, and first, he had to talk alone with Yoshino Asami.

Keima decided to wait for her here...

It was time for the students to end the club activities and head home. It wasn't really the same as dismissal time, but the stairs were rather busy.

As compared to the sports club players who were changing or have to practice late into the night, there were more students from the culture clubs, which end at a more regular time.

Amongst them,

"..."

Yoshino Asami passed through the crowd and changed into her shoes at the shoe cupboard,

"..."

And walked out of the school building.

Over there.

"Yo."

A boy talked to her.

Stunned, Yoshino Asami lifted her face.

Standing over there was,

"What a coincidence, I'm going back too. Can we go back together?"

It was Katsuragi Keima.

"..."

Yoshino Asami was silent for an instant,

And then,

"Un."

She smiled.

"Okay."

What was that little moment of hesitation about?

Or was it that she was stumped by the unexpected words?

Or rather,

Was it his imagination that her face went red? Or was it that the sunset turned the surroundings red?

Keima deliberately chose not to get close to Asami as he deliberately created the same scene from yesterday.

He chose a scene when both of them were walking together.

There were two reasons.

The first was to use the same action as yesterday to gauge Yoshino Asami's reaction better, to observe if there were any changes. Thus, the road back home, their distances between each other and the arrangements were all the same as yesterday.

The only thing different was that as there was the tea ceremony activity today (which Keima had investigated through beforehand), Yoshino Asami was a lot later getting home.

There was another reason, a somewhat rare instinct for the rational Keima. It felt that even when both of them were together, they should avoid doing so in school.

This,

Was something he just thought of...

No, that's not it.

He was shaking his head deep inside. He decided not to lie to himself. This was his own will.

As for why...

"...Katsuragi-kun, where do you want to go next?"

"Nn?"

It was a little tough for Keima to act calm.

"Un, there seem to be something here. I'll walk down this way during this time."

"Oh~"

Yoshino Asami didn't inquire further as she nodded her head. She continued to look forward. Even though she was smiling,

It was really impossible for others to know what her expression was about. Keima swallowed his saliva.

It was too tough to handle.

‘Yoshino-san may have feelings for Katsuragi Keima’. Elsie’s information may be more binding on him than what he thought.

Thus, to prevent himself from panicking, he chose to head home after school dismissal as he wanted as little interference from other students as possible.

Keima continued to try and raise some questions at her from time to time, and Yoshino Asami would take these questions seriously as she answered.

“...Yes, club’s really interesting.”

Also,

“Speaking of which, it’s about time for modern language. I’m not really good at comprehension, so I’m a little worried here.”

And also,

“It seems like our classmates are planning to go? Our classmates are really on good terms with each other. I’m looking forward to it...will you be going too, Katsuragi-kun?”

And things like that. Yoshino Asami’s answers were not importantly. Just like how he’s reading a manual,

Keima was sighing deep down inside.

And as for the last question.

“Nope, I’m not going.”

Keima answered readily.

“How could I possibly go?”

At this moment, Yoshino Asami, who had been giving only ‘normal’ responses up till now, seemed to be mindful of something as she turned her head around and looked at Keima.

Keima too was,

“?”

Staring back at Yoshino Asami with a surprised expression.

Then,

“!”

Yoshino Asami’s ‘ordinary response’ collapsed for the first time at this moment.

“No, nothing.”

She blushed, and also,

“That, that’s all. So, we’re at my...my house now!”

She hurriedly entered the house door that she just reached. Keima was a little bewildered.

What was that all about?

Did she really...

Have feelings for me right from the beginning?

Keima was thoroughly confused.

His confusion was compounded after that. After taking a few steps away from Yoshino Asami’s house and intended to meet with Elsie,

“Katsuragi-kun! It’s me! Hey hey! I’m going out now! How about we go play together? I still have lots of things I want to talk to you about!”

The PFP received the mail from Yoshino Asami. (Keima sent a mail to her yesterday, telling her his address.)

Right now, Keima had no choice.

The Yoshino Asami that appeared was wearing cute clothing.

A pink miniskirt, a blouse, a look that felt just like a girl’s. It was different from how she looked when she was in uniform, and she was really energetic, so she ended up being a really charming girl.

At this place where Yoshino Asami arranged to meet Keima,

“Here, let’s have fun, Katsuragi-kun!”

She grabbed his arm and walked,

Glamorous,

She was smiling really brightly and energetically.

After that, she and Keima were at a game center. Yoshino Asami said,

“Katsuragi-kun, you’re good at all sorts of games, right? Show me!”

And then, she started playing all sorts of games. Though Keima was slightly lacking behind in rhythm games and touch games, he showed overwhelming prowess in puzzle games and quiz games. Yoshino Asami clapped happily,

“That’s amazing! Katsuragi-kun’s really amazing!”

Just like it.

After that, as according to Yoshino Asami’s proposal, they went to a fast-food restaurant to order something to eat. During this time, Keima tried to probe into her real nature, but what was shocking was that,

“Hey, hey, what have you been doing during the holidays, Katsuragi-kun?”

And,

“Where did you go with your sister?”

And also,

“You said you liked bishoujo games. What sort of games? They’re a little ecchi, right?”

And things like that as she blushed and asked a series of questions just like a machine gun. Keima was really taken aback and didn’t know what to do. Amongst all the conquests up till now, nobody had shown that much interest in Keima himself.

It’s a definite that Keima wanted to know about Yoshino Asami.

Thus, he came out with her out to talk with her.

To get close to her.

To gauge the emotional distance between each other.

“But you don’t really hate humans, right? Because because, you’re talking a lot to me now, right?”

And also,

“Katsuragi-kun. Let me ask you. For example, what are you thinking while I’m talking to you?”

Yoshino Asami was wholeheartedly trying to understand Katsuragi Keima.

Yoshino Asami was serious.

“Well.”

She was stuttering, but kept staring at Keima.

“Then, let me ask you. I’m sorry if it makes you unhappy, but that, last time, who’s that girl who appeared when Katsuragi-kun was talking with me?”

“ ... ”

“Katsuragi-kun’s dating with her...no, sorry. I shouldn’t be asking this...but I want to know, who’s that girl to Katsuragi-kun?”

“ ... ”

What’s going on?

Keima thought.

The difference between the one inside school and outside school.

No, the difference between the one in uniform and the one out of uniform.

“That girl.”

Keima clearly stated.

“Wasn’t any of those. She’s just an ordinary friend.”

He merely,

Concentrated his will into his expression.

Perhaps Yoshino Asami felt it as she chuckled.

“Really?”

She merely continued to drink the cola through the straw, and smiled.

“That’s good then.”

She didn’t ask on, heaving a sigh of relief just like a girl who knew that the guy she likes doesn’t have a lover.

“Hehe.”

And in a shy manner,

“That’s great.”

Normally, guys would be able to conclude this already. First, Yoshino Asami kept looking at Keima when they were at school. Even Yoshino Asami’s friends noticed that she often looked at Keima, even though Keima himself didn’t realize it.

But once he knew that she had a runaway spirit, the attitude Yoshino Asami had at Keima were rather good (as compared to the other girls). And today, she even blushed when she went home with Keima, and even wanted to know about where he was going.

Yoshino Asami in plainclothes was undoubtedly interested in Keima, and wanted to go out with him, to understand him.

Normally speaking, this is,

Yes.

Yoshino Asami had feelings for Katsuragi Keima in a boyfriend and girlfriend sense.

It could be concluded this way.

However.

Keima felt that this wasn't it.

Keima felt that there was something that didn't match deep inside him.

That's strange.

Something's not right.

There's a problem.

It's strange.

No.

However,

He just didn't know.

On the same day, after he separated from Yoshino Asami, Keima sank into deep thought, and felt that something was just not right.

'Yoshino Asami's conquest route.

It could be said to be completely clouded.

And worst of all, Elsie, who came back home at a very late time, dejectedly said,

"I'm sorry, kami-sama~"

She looked like she was going to cry.

"I couldn't find Amami Tooru-san no matter where I looked! I had already set the search area to the largest...but this."

And then, she stuttered,

"It's like she vanished somewhere."

"..."

Keima just kept thinking.

This route was starting to get tough too.

'Amami Tooru's conquest route.

It's like there was an invisible wall blocking.

The next day, Keima continued to try and talk enthusiastically to Yoshino Asami inside and outside school, and Elsie went through the streets, looking for Amami Tooru.

However,

There wasn't any results on both sides.

Keima would feel troubled whenever he talked to Yoshino Asami.

And Elsie's search for Amami Tooru didn't show any progress.

Both of them were spent.

They were tired.

Keima was mostly drained mentally,

And Elsie was mainly tired physically after walking around for so long and yet unable to find Asami Tooru.

Both of them,

Returned home tired and laid on each other's backs.

"Kami-sama, it's really tough when both sides don't have any clues."

"..."

"It would be good if at least one side could give some information as a little hope."

"..."

Keima was silent.

Silently waiting for something.

But on a certain day, there was a huge break.

That day was a rest day.

It was raining from morning on, and Keima and Elsie were walking around on the streets. Normally, Keima would focus his conquest on Yoshino Asami, but as there was no need to go to school today, he and Elsie were looking for Amami Tooru.

Both of them were moving with heavy footsteps, and they were talking very little.

Even the normally cheery Elsie said in a depressed tone, probably because of the rain,

“I’ve been using the runaway spirit detector like this recently, but there’s no response.”

After saying that, she placed her hand on the skull headpiece.

“Where’s Tooru-san?”

Just when she sighed and muttered.

Dorodorodorodorodoro.

There was a tremendous response.

Keima and Elsie couldn’t help but face each other.

And then,

“Over here!”

Elsie looked like she was knocked aside as she turned around, and Keima went chasing after her. Both of them made about 2 to 3 turns before getting onto a main street.

Elsie panted and said,

“That’s right, Amami Tooru-san’s.”

She pointed at a certain direction.

“!”

She was speechless. Keima was also panting heavily as he looked over there.

“?”

He blinked his eyes. The one over there was.

“...What’s that, a car?”

There was a large black limo parked there. A man dressed in black suit, most likely the chauffeur, opened the back door of the car in a respectable manner, and a rich-looking over passed through the street and walked there. But of course, Elsie’s spirit detector wasn’t responding to the skinny middle-aged woman in brand clothes and glamorous jewels all over her...

“Arre? Really, eh?”

Elsie rubbed her eyes. Keima himself however,

“ ... ”

Remained silent. A girl followed that followed the middle-aged lady as they walked out of the building in front of them.

She was...

“Was that really...Tooru-san?”

Amami Tooru.

At first, Keima and Elsie couldn't recognize her as Amami Tooru as she was completely different. First, her clothing was different.

It wasn't those casual and loose clothing Keima saw those few times.

But a proper-looking jacket.

The blond hair was properly tied up, and her shoes were shiny black leather.

She's undoubtedly an ojou of the upper levels of society.

The only thing that was the same was the cross-chained necklace that was hanging on the neck, and to be honest, if it wasn't for the response of the spirit detector and that cross, Keima and Elsie wouldn't be able to tell that the girl who walked out of the building was Amami Tooru.

The difference in impression was this big.

What changed wasn't just the clothes, but also her expression. It wasn't the expression of the Amami Tooru Keima and company knew.

That fantasy story-like energetic pretty girl was already gone, and she just looked like a girl with a mask on in front of Keima, looked all proper and like she got something on her mind. The eyes that once boasted 'I'm looking for my guiding star' were now showing a blank black.

The energetic angel disappeared.

What replaced it was a stiff puppet.

Or it looked that way.

And also.

“Eh? Wha, what's going on?”

“...”

Keima said softly,

“Maybe.”

He was now discussing based on their premises.

“...She got affected by a runaway spirit.”

Up till now, he had met an idol who would disappear when they don't meet, or a female martial artist who would split into two people, so Keima made this decision quickly.

Amami Tooru had something strange on her as well.

As she followed the middle-aged lady and walked towards the limo, there seemed to be a black fog surrounding Amami Tooru that started to cover her body.

Keima and Elsie were speechless about this. At this moment,

“Here! Tooru-chan! You have to listen to your piano teacher and French teacher once you get home, okay? You have to learn what you lacked, got it?”

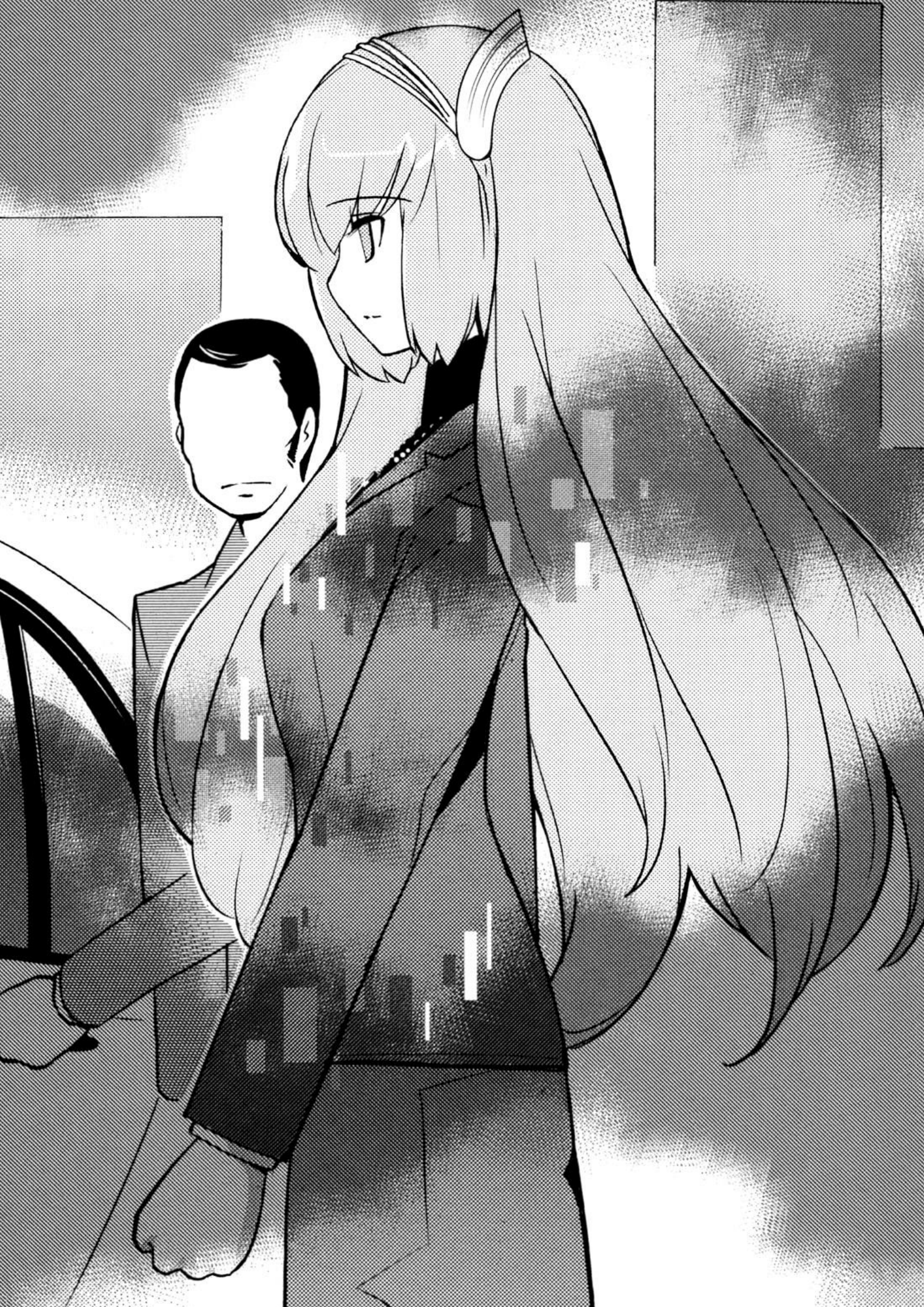
The middle-aged female cackled in a shrill voice.

“...Yes.”

Amami Tooru answered simply. They sat on the back seats of the limo, and the chauffeur then closed the door, returned back to the driving seat, and started the limo. Keima and Elsie couldn't move until the limo left.

What should they do now?

Both of them had no idea. And until the end, Amami Tooru didn't detect their presences.



After a while.

“Ka, Kami-sama...”

Elsie seemed like she was finally released as she asked.

“Wha, what do we do now.”

Keima still remained there, not moving at all. His eyes were staring at a certain point in the sky. Elsie sighed,

“For some reason.”

With a pained expression.

“It doesn’t feel like Tooru-san. She’s the person yet she felt like someone else...don’t you feel that way, kami-sama?”

“Elsie.”

At this moment, Keima moved. His voice had a little hot air in it. Though it was little, he was really trembling. He had an inspiration from what Elsie said, but Elsie herself didn’t realize it at all.

“Ye, yes? What is it?”

Elsie answered normally.

Keima asked a question.

A very important question.

A question that could cover all the scenarios.

“Elsie, that person was really Amami Tooru, correct?”

“Ye, yes.”

Though Elsie was blank for a while.

“That’s right. My spirit detector did show that it was Amami Tooru-san.”

“Is that so.”

At that moment.

(They’re the same person, but why does it feel like they were completely different people? On the other hand~Yoshino Asami’s ‘ordinary’~, the possibility of having feelings~ frail~why is she so different? After school and during school? And Elsie’s existence~ I saw a ‘Denpakei’~searching for the reason~Amami Tooru’s reason to look for something~why did she disappear after saving me~Yoshino Asami~Amami Tooru~ Yoshino Asami~Amami Tooru~Yoshino~Amami. After connecting the similarities and differences between these two.)

(All the answers.)

Keima's thinking ability suddenly kicked into active gear.

Fuu, he chuckled. He used his fingers to push his glasses and said,

That classic line.

"Elsie."

Nonchalantly.

"I can see the ending."

And without hesitation.

And Elsie could only stare blankly at Keima.

Chapter 4: Minus World

Katsuragi Keima led the way, and the girl was fidgeting somewhat, and she said with a stiff voice to hide it,

“He, hey, Katsuragi! Where are you bringing me? I, I’ll say these bold words first. I’ll refuse if you want to do anything bold to me! I’ll really refuse you! We have to go in order.

“ ...”

Keima suddenly turned his head back.

He stared through the girl with a piercing expression, and the girl could only look around helplessly. They were at a shrine somewhat distant away from the road.

There wasn’t anyone else there.

No, there was someone there.

The person who seemed to be observing them came out stealthily from behind the trees...

(Who, who’s that?)

The girl didn’t know what to do. A girl with a skull-shaped headdress appeared there.

Katsuragi Keima was asking that girl something.

It seemed that those two people knew each other.

“Elsie, how is it?”

The girl called Elsie shook her head.

“Not her.”

“ ...In other words.”

“No. This person doesn’t have a wandering spirit.”

Katsuragi Keima sighed loudly.

“I see. Thinking through it carefully... maybe I should have realized it. I thought it through and thought that the girl with a wandering spirit would have some problems. And because of that, I was searching a girl without problems for problems. After clearing the smokescreen, it wasn’t even a dual character.”

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I was really naïve! No, rather than that."

He grimaced.

"Elsie, there wouldn't have been this problem if you had followed me after school. I wouldn't have been bothered by such a low-level trick...well, the reason why I put you in charge of Amami Tooru was because you were the only one who could detect runaway spirits."

He sighed.

"This time, the smart one got misled."

The girl called Elsie stared at the other girl.

"She really looks the same."

The girl panicked.

She was anxious.

Katsuragi Keima and this girl called Elsie were saying something strange right from the beginning. She was thinking that 'it seemed that Katsuragi-kun's not some bad person, so my mission should be over with'. However, these good feelings scattered away.

Her instincts were scaring her, burning like oil being lit.

Who is this person?

Katsuragi-kun.

Who is this person?

Keima glanced at the girl.

"Fuu...'what do you want?'. Actually, that's my line. Well, it doesn't matter. I can roughly guess why you wanted to do this. So just confess, you're not Yoshino Asami."

"!"

The girl widened her eyes. Keima raised his hand and pointed at her.

"...You're."

He said this.

"Yoshino Ikumi. Her sister, and twin."

The girl.

Yoshino Asami's twin sister, Yoshino Ikumi stood there, stunned.

She was confused.

She looked around in a flustered manner, and the girl called Elsie was looking at her in an interested manner. Yoshino Asami—

Or rather, Yoshino Ikumi who was pretending to be Yoshino Asami felt Keima's cold gaze pouring through her,

"Thi, this, that."

First, she raised the one question that bothered her the most.

"Let's ask this...how did you know my name?"

Even after been seen through, she didn't get angry due to embarrassment, and neither did she laugh at Keima. She was just panicking honestly.

At this moment, a certain aspect of Yoshino Ikumi showed through, or rather, she basically revealed herself there.

Keima sighed.

"It's simple. I asked your elder sister a question back at school, and made a request."

"Eh?"

"I asked her 'do you have a twin sister?'. And, the request was 'don't tell your sister what I asked you today when you get home, but you can follow whatever else she says'."

Yoshino Ikumi widened her eyes. Keima then said.

"Yoshino Asami...your elder sister answered yes to both questions. She looked incredulous, like you now. She had never told anyone the existence of her twin sister at a different school, and how I knew—like that."

Keima then continued.

"It's because of this, right? You heard from Yoshino Asami...your elder sister. She had never told anyone at school about you, so logically, I wouldn't know of your existence. Thus, you tried to trick me and pose as Yoshino Asami...your elder sister to understand me, right? To know me personally."

"Ah, un."

Yoshino Ikumi was stunned.

"Then, when did you realize it?"

She was completely lost.

“You didn’t show any change in expression even until the weekend.”

Keima looked somewhat self-mocking as he laughed.

“No, that was a coincidence...one that you won’t understand even if I tell you. A girl would look so different, then maybe the opposite can hold true. In other words, two girls may look like one person under set conditions. I just thought of that.”

Keima glanced at Elsie.

For some reason, Elsie was all happy, and Keima stared back at her with a somewhat kind look.

“ ...”

After a moment of silence, haha, Yoshino Ikumi laughed stiffly.

“That’s amazing.”

She lamented from deep inside her heart.

“I could even fool mom since young if I was serious. To think that you saw through it.”

Keima then added on.

“...But you weren’t serious at all.”

After revealing this, Yoshino Ikumi looked somewhat embarrassed.

“U, tha, that’s because...”

“It’s likely.”

Keima pushed his glasses and said with a heavy tone.

“If you were serious, you may be able to be just like your sister. That ‘ordinary’ personality can be completely duplicated, right? But you showed your true personality in front of me because you weren’t aiming to make fun of me or play a prank on my. Your aim was simply just to understand me.”

Yoshino Ikumi was showing fear in her eyes.

Because Katsuragi Keima.

This good looking boy in front of her was practically saying the truth.

Fu, Keima grimaced.

“...Speaking of which, even if you weren’t serious, I was fooled by you. Twin switching should be the basics of basics.”

He clicked his tongue slightly.

“Two conquests overlapped...so I had the idea of taking the initiative. I was too naïve too.”

He continued to remind himself.

“But, well, since you took action like this, I found a way to solve it, and this outcome’s rather delightful too.”

Keima used his long and narrow eyes to look at Yoshino Asami.

“You’ll tell me, right? Tell me about your sister’s troubles, Yoshino Ikumi. That’s why you approached me, right? If it’s me.”

Keima said confidently.

“I’ll definitely save your sister. I can do it.”

Yoshino Ikumi timidly shouted out.

“HOW MUCH!?”

She practically shouted her lungs out.

“HOW MUCH DID YOU KNOW, KATSURAGI-KUN?”

The shout was filled with the fear the ordinary girl had on the insightful boy. Keima widened his eyes, but just for that moment.

“...How much?”

Fuu, he laughed confidently.

“Everything! Everything! I know everything! Yoshino Ikumi, everything!”

Keima waved his hand as he declared that.

Elsie nodded her head too without hesitation as she folded her arms.

“Hm~as expected of kami-sama.”

“ ... ”

Yoshino Ikumi looked at Keima and Elsie, showing obvious fear on her face.

“You said, eve, everything...”

She said with a hoarse voice.

“Yo, you.”

She finally managed to find her words.

“You’re not god!”

Then.

“ ... ”

Keima's expression suddenly went serious. He turned around and muttered to himself.

"Speaking of which...this is the second time I was called 'kami-sama' since I started this conquest. However."

He again turned to look at Yoshino Ikumi.

"I'm really."

He gave an expression that was overwhelming and wouldn't allow for any objections, and it can even be called pressurizing.

"I am God! I'm the conquest god!"

It wasn't just an expression itself as Yoshino Ikumi was wavering from the expression. Elsie seemed to be really impressed as she said,

"Hey, that's true, you know? Kami-sama's really god!"

"..."

Yoshino Ikumi was speechless. It's like a certain part in her brain short-circuited, and that she felt numb. (Actually, this was really Keima's aim, to use a forceful tone to show his confidence to her.)

And then,

"Aha!"

Yoshino Ikumi suddenly showed tears in her eyes, and at the next moment.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

She started laughing like she had a loose screw. Elsie was shocked, but Keima merely cocked his eyebrows.

"...Is it strange?"

He asked coldly.

"Is it strange that I called myself god?"

"Ah, HAHHAHAHAHAHA!!!"

Yoshino Ikumi was laughing so much that she was gasping, and shook her hand.

"No! That's not it, ahahaha!"

Finally, she managed to hold back her laughter, and her fingers wiped away the tears that came out.

"Un."

She suddenly nodded her head with a relaxed expression.

“Un!”

Her eyes were full of confidence. Keima’s lips showed a smile. This was exactly,

The outcome that he wanted.

Yoshino Ikumi declared.

“I got it! I’ll trust Katsuragi-kun completely! Please! Solve onee-chan’s problems!”

“ ...”

Keima smiled with his lips, and also his eyes.

He simply said.

“Understood.”

That was something that happened a long time after that. Yoshino Ikumi still remembered everything as she said to her friends in amazement.

“Katsuragi-kun’s really.”

Her words were full of honesty,

Though she more or less misunderstood about the term ‘Conquest god’, this was more or less something to take heart from!

“Really’s a guy who conquered earth!”

And,

However, this would be what happened after. Right now, Yoshino Ikumi was wholeheartedly describing her sister’s situation to Katsuragi Keima. Keima, Ikumi and Elsie went to the back of the shrine, found a bench to sit down on. They were drinking the canned juice Elsie went to buy, and Yoshino Ikumi started to talk,

About her sister’s situation.

“Onee-chan, she really hates people.”

She said such a shocking thing so easily, took a deep breath, exhaled greatly, and looked at Keima.

However, Keima was,

Completely unmoved.

Yoshino Ikumi smiled.

(That's great.)

She thought.

(It's great to have someone like this.)

Then, she hurriedly said to hide her delight.

"It's not just an expression."

She said to Keima, who in turn nodded her head.

"I know."

"Aren't you surprised? This onee-chan of mine looks so 'ordinary', so approachable, doesn't have any special characteristics and looks so well-behaved hates others, you know?"

"Why?"

Keima similarly asked back.

"Is there something to be shocked if she merely hates people? And,"

He showed a knowledgeable expression as he added,

"I'm thinking of whether it's this sort of reason...or rather, this kind of reason. That 'ordinary' was just a mask of Yoshino Asami, right? For convenience in her life."

"Aha."

Yoshino Ikumi chuckled.

"No wonder onee-chan would be so concerned about you, Katsuragi-kun?"

"..."

Keima prompted her to continue on with her eyes. Yoshino Ikumi nodded her head hard too. On a side note, Elsie was the only one who was confused.

The girl didn't understand more than half of her words.

However, Yoshino Ikumi and Keima continued with their conversation as they left Elsie aside.

"Ever since we were young."

Yoshino Ikumi started saying,

"Ever since we were young, we were often told that 'you sisters really aren't like each other'. Ah, of course we're not talking about our appearances. About that, we'll occasionally feel that we're facing the mirror. I feel that twins are more similar to each other."

Keima nodded his head.

Yoshino Ikumi smiled slightly and said with a complicated expression.

“But.”

She said with a sad expression.

“She’s completely different inside.”

“...”

“Katsuragi-kun, what about me?”

Yoshino Ikumi hurriedly turned to look at Keima.

“I guess you can tell from the time you were with me, but I like people! I like being with others! I have lots of friends, I like school, and I’m really happy to talk with Katsuragi-kun now. But,”

She sighed,

“Onee-chan’s the opposite.”

Keima remained silent. Yoshino Ikumi continued on,

“But onee-chan, she’s the complete opposite of me. She hates others, hates gatherings, hates being with people, and a school with lots of people is something that depressed her. Interacting with people and being with them would cause her to feel like she’s suffering.

Keima thought.

(In the karaoke bar...in the theme park, at the bowling alley...so that’s the reason why she doesn’t feel comfortable.)

Yoshino Ikumi said,

“As for onee-chan, she said that she really liked to read books alone, play games, watch movies. That’s her dream.”

Yoshino Ikumi grimaced.

“When we were young, both of us had a dream. Mine was to be a kindergarten teacher. Guess what onee-chan’s wish was? To hide in a nunnery deep inside a forest, and that was during elementary school, you know? What kind of student is this!? A lot of people would have thought.”

Keima didn’t say anything.

Yoshino Ikumi shook her head.

“But,”

She added on with a depressed look.

“The biggest problem is.”

She paused and then muttered,
“Onee-chan hates this aspect of hers the most.”

Keima’s eyebrows never twitched at all.
Because this was exactly what he expected.
If not, she wouldn’t be wearing that mask to live on.

“Onee-chan, she.”

Yoshino Ikumi continued,

“She said that she always envied me, seeing that I’m on so good relations with others, envied me for laughing together with everyone else. That’s what she said. We’re sisters. Is it because we’re twins? No, that’s not it. Onee-chan herself would have exceptions when it comes to hating people. Family members are basically alright, so at home, onee-chan would often...no, would always talk to me, and then.”

She smiled.

“It was the first time, really the first time. Onee-chan started talking about all sorts of things that happened in school. More accurately...”

She sealed the lid to look at Keima’s expression.

However,

“ ... ”

Keima’s expression didn’t show any change at all. Yoshino Ikumi then smiled slyly as if she wanted to crush Keima’s poker face, and said,

“She started talking to me all about this guy called Katsuragi Keima.”

“ ... ”

However, as expected.

Keima still remained silent.

This was also as expected.

“And then?”

Keima prompted her to continue. Yoshino Ikumi looked somewhat bored as she said,

“Aren’t you shocked? That onee-chan would only talk about how you, Katsuragi-kun, whether it’s ‘whatever happened to Katsuragi-kun today’ or ‘he enraged a teacher today’ and would continue talking! Her eyes were blazing! Isn’t this love or something! Onee-chan’s really an ordinary girl!”

(Is that so?)

Keima had a question mark in his mind.

(It’s not love or anything. Absolutely, at least for now.)

However, he didn’t say this to Ikumi and merely asked.

“So.”

He stared at her eyes and said,

“So to check my behavior, you disguised yourself as Yoshino Asami, your own sister?”

“Yes~!”

Yoshino Ikumi nodded her head heavily.

“I was really shocked the first time I met you! At that time, I knew that Katsuragi-kun stayed near our house. I was shocked when onee-chan was really happy as she said ‘I walked home with Katsuragi-kun!’. That’s because you were really there, Katsuragi-kun, and more importantly, your appearance was just like what onee-chan told me! ‘Pretty-looking face and looks like a rich kid hikkikomori!’ or something like that.”

“ ... ”

“Before that, I heard onee-chan that ‘otamegane, he’s called otamegane’, so I thought that onee-chan’s description of Katsuragi-kun’s appearance would be an image created from a girl in love, so I was half-doubting it. But I was really shocked when I met you. You’re really like a rich kid.”

Yoshino Ikumi giggled.

Keima himself was giving off cold sweat.

Should he be happy about this at this point...

“Ahaha, it’s late, but I have to apologize to you, right. Anyway, I still tricked you, Katsuragi-kun.”

Yoshino Ikumi lowered her head.

On a side note, at this moment, Elsie was...sleeping.

Kukaa~she was sleeping soundly. It seemed that she logically gave up on understanding the topic at hand as it was too complicated. Keima glanced at her and sighed.

"It's alright. This shows that you're worried about your sister. So your sister's not really good with socializing with others, and if you understand me really well, it's obvious that it's not suitable for her to dive into a relationship with me. So you wanted to try me out to see whether I can match your sister."

"To be honest."

Yoshino Ikumi scratched her head in an awkward manner.

"To be honest, I was a little curious as well. I was really curious how this Katsuragi-kun onee-chan kept talking about was like."

"...Which was why you didn't disguise yourself completely to be like your sister."

"Yes."

Yoshino Ikumi admitted.

"Because, if possible, I wanted to look at how you would respond to my sister with a different mask on, a different 'me'...how you would respond to onee-chan inside school and outside school. Well, this can be a conclusion somewhat."

Keima smiled,

"It's true that I was troubled."

"Really?"

"Because a lot of scenarios overlapped with each other."

"Hey."

Yoshino Ikumi lifted her eyes and looked at Katsuragi Keima.

"I could have told you the truth earlier, but I didn't do so. I delayed it for a while...well, I actually wanted to confess about this to you...do you know why?"

Keima gave a wry smile and said,

"It's because you saw Amami Tooru...that girl who was just like an angel, right?"

"That's absolutely correct! At that time, I was thinking that even though this guy's called otaku, otamegane, is he really a flirt? I don't know how you

managed to attract such an irritating onee-chan, but were you fooling around with that onee-chan or something like that.”

“...You’re mistaken.”

Keima plainly stated.

“I...”

He stated casually,

“I’m not popular with girls at all. Normally speaking, that’s the case.”

“...”

This time, it’s Yoshino Ikumi’s turn to break out cold sweat.

This time, it’s Keima’s turn to ask.

“You just said that Yoshino Asami, your sister, started talking about me from the first day on. That’s likely something that happened long ago, right?”

Yoshino Ikumi nodded her head.

“I guess it’s around the time when she was in the same class as Katsuragi-kun.”

“I see. This is just my guess, but was there a huge change in Yoshino Asami during the few days after she met me? For example, did she say lots of self-loathing things, especially about human relationships?”

Yoshino Ikumi widened her eyes.

“Why.”

Either way, her voice trembled in amazement.

“How did you know?”

“Just as expected.”

Keima sighed.

“...”

Yoshino Ikumi continued to stare at Keima silently for a while, and then sighed in the same manner, looked forward and said,

“Un, that’s how the case is. I don’t know how you knew this, Katsuragi-kun, but it’s just as you said. Onee-chan was always envious of me, but it seemed to have become even more intense. ‘Let alone you, Ikumi...I guess I want to be a girl who can interact with others too’—that was what she said. We, well, I guess that’s it. She felt even more bothered after liking you,

Katsuragi-kun, I guess. Maybe she thought this way because she wanted to be on good relations with you?"

" ...

Keima didn't answer.

But in his heart,

"I see. It's shaping up...seems like Yoshino Ikumi was correct."

He muttered deep inside his head.

He then answered with a question.

"But your sister always wanted to correct herself. That's why she joined the tea ceremony club which requires one on one communication with others, something she's most inept at, right?"

"Ha, haha."

Yoshino Ikumi laughed stiffly.

"That's right, that's completely right. Onee-chan joined the tea ceremony club because of this reason. Onee-chan had been worried about her personality and wanted to correct it, correct how she hated others. Thus, she would try to join gatherings, and would even work hard to participate in club activities.

" ..."

"Hey!"

Yoshino Ikumi grabbed Keima's hand.

"Please! How can we cure her? What should we do to make onee-chan more sociable?"

Her eyes were full of trust in the almighty insight of Keima.

"If it's Katsuragi-kun! If it's you, Katsuragi-kun, you'll know, right? What should we do?"

" ..."

Keima didn't respond as he raised a question that's slightly deviated from the topic at hand.

It wasn't really a question that was directly linked with the conquest, just something that this boy called Katsuragi Keima himself wanted to know, something he wanted to understand about Yoshino Asami.

"How's your sister when she's not wearing a mask? How's she at home?"

"How's she at home?"

Yoshino Ikumi said with some doubt,

“Ah, no, you’ve been talking about some mask up till now, Katsuragi-kun. But onee-chan won’t really change personalities immediately, and she would be delicate and kind to others just like she would be to us. She would also listen to my complaints too. I feel that she was even gentler because she’s not really good with people. It’s just...onee-chan would never show her burdens to others, ever. It seemed that she would be pained to let others see her real weak side. Thus, she always wanted to be a good girl. I said before that onee-chan would let me share my complaints, but that’s the difference. Onee-chan, she,”

Yoshino Ikumi paused for a while,

“Actually, she’s really a good girl who tries to overcome her weakness.”

She concluded.

Keima was silent for quite a while.

“...Is that so.”

And he merely answered and stroked her chin. Elsie rubbed her eyes and got up in a dazed manner. Keima glanced at Elsie and then said,

“I got it. I’ll find a way. It’s definitely possible.”

Yoshino Ikumi’s eyes were shining.

“Rea, really?”

At this moment, Keima answered with a stern expression and said,

“But your assistance will be necessary. You’ll help me, right, Yoshino Ikumi?”

At this,

“Of course!”

Yoshino Ikumi raised her hands in approval.

And Elsie,

Was standing there blankly.

That day,

Yoshino Asami was invited by her younger sister Ikumi, who just returned home.

“My friends and I will be going to Dean Land tomorrow. You want to come along, onee-chan?”

Of course, Yoshino Asami wasn't really interested. However, the younger sister said,

"Well, I feel that it's a good training for you as you try to get along with others well, onee-chan."

Then, she added an 'and also' which shook Yoshino Asami's heart.

"Katsuragi-kun's coming along too, that Katsuragi Keima-kun onee-chan often mentioned."

Of course,

"Eh?"

Yoshino Asami couldn't help but ask as that face of hers was full of,
(Why???)

Such questions. Yoshino Ikumi answered,

"Coincidentally, my friend's friend is Katsuragi-kun!"

On hearing that,

"I'll go."

Yoshino Asami answered as if it was instinct.

Her younger sister Yoshino Ikumi was nodding away in a satisfied manner.

The next day was a bright sunny day.

Yoshino Asami's heart was beating hard as she reached the entrance of the Dean Land. Over there, there's the bronze statue of the founder of Dean Land, Ikegoma Gakkan. This was the gathering place.

For some reason, her little sister Ikumi,

"I've got something on, so I'll go first, okay?"

And after saying that, she smiled and left the house.

Yoshino Asami thought,

(Since we're living together, shouldn't we just go together...or rather, even though I don't know what you have, I can still accompany you.)

Even so,

"Ahahaha, you must enjoy yourself today, really enjoy yourself, onee-chan~"

Seeing her little sister give such a bright smile, she couldn't say anything.

Facing this sister of hers who had a completely different personality, Yoshino Asami always felt that there was something she couldn't match her in.

She was heavily reliant on her twin sister, Yoshino Ikumi.

She had reached the age of youth, and she couldn't fawn around with her parents like when she was young (even though this was the case, there wasn't really much of a family issue, just a little feeling of isolation, especially to the father). Her sister was basically the only person she would talk to.

Even though she would also have her own troubles or talk about school, whenever the little sister complained about youth things that 'studying for tests is so hard~' or 'there's a handsome guy in class...' (Even though they look the same physically, in this aspect, Yoshino Asami would be a late bloomer, so she was rather restrained in front of guys, often being very shy) she would listen attentively.

Even removing this factor, the twin sisters were on good terms with each other.

But even though she's the elder sister, the decision making between these two girls would always land on the younger sister, whether it's about school or about Katsuragi Keima.

"Onee-chan, tell me more!"

Ikumi would always prompt her to talk about it. She knew that her sister was worried about her.

Worried that she still had inter-personal problems.

Her sister was always so worried.

'You hate people.' That's how the sister would describe Asami, but to Asami, it was a little different.

She's just not good with others.

Asami wasn't really good with building relationships with others on the surface.

Thus, if there's a need to say that she 'hated'.

It's more like she hated,

'Communication with others'.

She hated it...

No, that's not it.

More accurately,

‘She hated ‘herself’ for being unable to communicate with other successfully.’”

In fact, she didn’t really hate ‘humans’, or rather, it was the opposite. Asami loved to read books, and she basically read highly-rated books, biographies, and of course, light novels too. However, she’s engrossed with the characters that appeared in the books because she liked the existences called ‘humans’. As she couldn’t be involved, Yoshino Asami liked to see people interactions.

For example,

“Onee-chan, in our class, a classmate close to me likes a certain guy from another class, but he.”

She liked to listen to her sister Ikumi talk about these unnecessary things. To be honest, what shocked Ikumi was that Asami was very clear about her sister’s relationships with her friends, and also, she understood her classmates’ personalities, standpoints, history and so on.

It’s not that she didn’t care about others. She was really interested in them. However,

Once she got involved, she couldn’t take it.

Yoshino Asami really liked happy people.

Ikumi was able to describe things things so happily because she could always build rapport with anyone around her, and she liked to look at classmates who could get along well from afar.

However,

She herself.

Couldn’t do it. Once she got involved, she felt like she would crumble. How should she put it? It’s like the harmonious balance would collapse once it enters ‘her’. She would not know how to react, and would then feel uncomfortable, and then her body would feel uncomfortable. Thus, other people thought that ‘onee-chan hated humans’ as a response.

Also,

She’s really frustrated with herself for having such strong thoughts.

She wondered when was it that she couldn’t get along well with people.

It wasn’t that there was any chance.

Before she realized it, she found her sister dazzling, and then always envied her, and then felt unhappy about it—that was when she was still a kid.

She wrote that she ‘wanted to be a hermit in the mountains’ as her dream, and her homeroom teacher was extremely worried and told her parents, who were in turn extremely angry.

However,

These were her true thoughts. It’s not that anyone wasn’t good with her, but that she just couldn’t do it.

After they reached their youth, the difference in personalities between her and her sister became more obvious, and Asami tried her best to correct her personality...

Even though she felt anxious about that, but this was a major reason why she agreed to go to Dean’s Land. Asami was still fearful about personal relationships, but she would often take part in class activities or social events, and she chose the tea ceremony club because she hoped to use one one communication to improve her interaction ability.

But in fact.

Most of the situations couldn’t work. She couldn’t smile too much when she was playing with others (she didn’t feel like she was smiling), she was worried about whether she irritated them, whether she made them unhappy, got really anxious until she felt uncomfortable. Then, she would be more cautious about the people around her and would feel even more embarrassed. She would always inadvertently compare herself with her sister.

“Why am I always like this?”

And would feel dejected because of it.

But to be honest, she had a little expectation that came with this anxiety.

That was...

“Un...here?”

After she got off the bus a walked down a gradual downhill slope, she looked around and found the meet-up location. There was a stern-looking male bronze statue beside the entrance, and 2 people were already standing there.

Huh?

Ikumi and Katsuragi-kun aren’t here yet?

Thinking about this, she wanted to turn to the opposite direction to look for him, and found him there.

“Ah!”

Her heart beat wildly as Katsuragi Keima was standing there alone.

However,

He was still playing his handheld games. Asami was troubled as she wondered if she should talk to him. After hesitating for a moment.

“We, well, Katsuragi-kun.”

She summoned her courage to utter out those words.

“HA!”

Katsuragi Keima suddenly spread his arms wide and kicked his right leg like he was using to the handheld console in his hands to catch something that’s falling from the sky.

Yoshino Asami was taken aback as she backed away.

“Hm?”

Keima’s eyes returned back to the screen.

“Okay, success...good morning.”

He spoke.

Yoshino Asami heaved a sigh of relief.

“Ah, u, un, good morning.”

She found her senses and put on her usual ‘ordinary’ mask. This was the only skill of interaction Yoshino Asami had.

Yoshino Asami, who’s not good with getting along with others, thought of the only way to mix with the crowd.

A low profile.

Average.

Ordinary.

Not making people unhappy or be too forthcoming. That’s,

Yoshino Asami’s method.

“You’re really early.”

She said with a calm tone as she looked for a way to start the conversation.

“Your younger sister...Elsie-san, she’s not coming?”

It doesn't look like it was a problematic question, and logically, she felt that Keima would answer,

"Un, I like buns, but I'll take anything you make for me."

"?"

Yoshino Asami was bothered.

"Eh?"

She couldn't help but ask back.

"So you don't have to depreciate your own cooking."

"Ha?"

"Ha?"

Unable to establish a conversation, Keima then said to the handheld game,

"I, TOLD, YOU, I, LIKE, BUNS!"

"..."

Yoshino Asami was speechless.

"We, well, Katsuragi-kun?"

The moment she asked this question, Keima said,

"I, LIKE, BUNS!"

No matter how she looked at it, there's only one dangerous weirdo. Yoshino Asami finally realized that Katsuragi Keima was talking to an in-game character.

The proof was,

"Un...NO! I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE COLOR OF UNDERWEAR I LIKE, REALLY!"

She frowned.

"Un...it's nice to download this morning breakfast event, but the voice recognition device still can't work. This will be bad for conquest. Got to let the manufacturer correct it. Hm?"

At this moment, Keima finally noticed that Yoshino Asami was staring at her blankly. After glancing at her, the first thing Keima said was,

"Hey, you're here?"

Yoshino Asami was stunned...

Katsuragi Keima.

Has she really fallen for him?

To her sister, it was,

“Well~it’s love love! You’re definitely thinking about Katsuragi-kun now, onee-chan!”

And that was what she said.

As she reported her daily school life events to her sister, the mysterious boy called Katsuragi Keima kept popping up more often, and her sister pointed that out.

On hearing that.

She should more or less be honest with herself.

It was a fact that she was blushing, and her heart was beating even faster. Her sister happily said,

“Hey~ just as expected!”

She clapped her hands.

“No, that’s not it!”

Yoshino Asami shook her head and her hands. She thought that she couldn’t possibly have this feeling.

Normally, when she talked about him, she would be merely a little more shy than usual.

However,

Ignoring this rationality, it’s just like what her sister said. Her heart did waver. Was this—falling in love?

At the beginning, she was often mindful of this boy called Katsuragi Keima. During lessons, lunch break, inside the classroom.

Even when they brushed by each other on the corridors.

Before she realized it, she was shocked to find that her eyes were always following Keima. To be honest, recently, she had been going home with Keima, and even though she looked like nothing was going on, her heart was secretly beating wildly.

Love...

Nobody knew whether it was really love or not, and to be honest, she didn’t really understand this thing called love.

There’s just one thing.

There’s just one thing she could be certain of.

And it was,

She was very mindful of Katsuragi Keima, this boy.

She couldn't deny that she had feelings for him.

She didn't know the reason.

Thus, she checked this thought of hers which she couldn't really understand. Even if it's a little, if she talked more to Katsuragi Keima, maybe she could sort out the messy thoughts that couldn't be sliced off. However...

She just felt uncomfortable on meeting him.

What made her even more troubled was—the next thing Keima said,

“Alright, let's go in, shall we?”

And just like that, he brought Yoshino Asami into the Dean's Land. Asami was panicking.

“Eh? Th, this?”

Right in front of Keima, the 'ordinary' mask she always managed to put on successfully was shed.

“Wait! Where's my sister? Everyone else?”

“Hm?”

Keima stopped.

“What? Didn't you hear? Your sister and Elsie will be here one hour later, and the rest seem like they'll be here after that. There are only 2 of us right from the start.”

On hearing these words,

Yoshino Asami was rooted for a moment.

“EEEEEEEEEEEEHHHHH!!?”

And couldn't help but shout out as it was completely unexpected.

Then, Keima hurriedly entered Dean's Land, and Yoshino Asami looked lost as she followed in.

Keima looked at the crowds of people that entered and said without hesitation.

“...I don't feel like changing clothes. What about you?”

(This is a facility that only allows access after getting into cosplay.)

Yoshino Asami blinked her eyes and blushed.

She didn't know what to do, what to cosplay.

It was alright if she was with her sister, but it would be too embarrassing to do it alone with Katsuragi-kun!

"No, no!"

She couldn't help but say these words, and then realized something as she stuffed her mouth. However, Keima's mood didn't seem to be affected.

"Of course. Really, I don't know what those people who like cosplay are thinking. It's impossible for 3-D to beat 2-D."

He muttered to himself, and Yoshino Asami's mind was thinking about all sorts of things.

(Eh? Ar, are we going to be alone together? Wha, what do I do now? I can't sing karaoke, I can't play games, I, I can't hang on!)

Asami was bothered by this as she started to panic again. But soon, all these thoughts were for naught. Keima's expression suddenly,

"..."

Went completely serious.

"?"

Yoshino Asami reacted to where Keima was looking at. Over there,

"Bishoujo game~Uniform enhancement week~"

There was such a poster on. Keima looked around with an even serious expression, and Yoshino Asami also looked around.

So that's how it was.

She wasn't sure, but there were really girls wearing strangely glamorous uniforms around.

Perhaps these uniforms were all worn by girls in games?

At this moment,

"Is that the uniform of Izumi Academy in 'Poninyan'? But the color of the sash isn't right...and what's that!? The uniform of Grand Sand Academy from 'The Time Without You' and the Furuhashi High School uniform from 'The Smiling Summer Vacation' is all mixed up!"

It seemed that Katsuragi Keima really couldn't stand seeing the slight mistakes in the uniforms.

“That uniform’s insignia’s reverse! I said that there’s a bird together with a tree on the insignia of that Ohno bird patch! Or else that last flag would be meaningless!?”

To be honest, Yoshino Asami didn’t understand what Keima was saying, but...

“Really unbelievable!”

She could thoroughly understand why Keima was angry. Then, he answered the statements of ‘hey you, do you have any right to say that’ with action.

Completely ignoring the existence of Yoshino Asami, who was accompanying him, he stormed to the reception and ranted,

“This so-called uniform has huge problems!”

He complained to the workers of Dean Land, and then said meticulously,

“Then, remove the scarf here, and that should be all. There should be gold thread used to make prince clothing, right? It would look more like a student from Neville Academy.”

He continued to raise point after point of improvement. At first, the workers were all incredulous, but as what Keima pointed out were direct and would have a huge effect with just a little correction, what happened was that it wasn’t just the counter girl who listened, but also the superior, until,

“That, that’s really amazing! Please be our costume consultant!”

He held Keima’s hands in a touched manner and tried to convince him. As for Keima,

“If I can do so for costumes related to gal-games.”

He readily agreed.

Just like that, an hour passed.

Until the time Yoshino Ikumi and Elsie arrived.

At first, Yoshino Ikumi heard about everything that happened and called out.

“Eh~? No way! You two didn’t go play!?”

To this, Yoshino Asami could only agree with it. Elsie was the only one who looked guilty as she gave a bitter expression and looked at Keima who was slamming the table at the counter and saying things.

(That’s really just like what kami-sama would do.)

It was somewhat a little reluctant.

Thus, Keima and Yoshino Asami were joined by Yoshino Ikumi and Elsie, and even Keima didn't intend to stand in front of the counter and talk about gal-game clothing. "Really"; he gave such an expression before following the Yoshino sisters and Elsie.

The one excited was Yoshino Ikumi, as she looked like she wanted to bring her sister closer to Katsuragi Keima as this sister of hers looked like she was unable to get near Keima,

"Over here! We're going in here!"

She loudly declared as she pointed at the selling point of the 7-levels Dean Land, 'entering a haunted house with a swimsuit'. Yoshino Asami was blushing, Elsie was shocked, and Keima was merely giving a blank face.

What's with this facility?

That's what his expression was arguing.

Let alone cosplaying and walking inside the facility or the jet coaster outside, the designer of Dean Land took it too far. Also, this 'wearing swimsuits and entering a haunted house' was a rather brilliant concept.

The entrants would have to change into swimsuits at the entrance (both male and female versions were available for loan), and they would enter a building where the water's at their knees.

It was designed as an 'underwater complex'.

As of his understanding, it's a haunted house combined with a swimming pool. The entrants would have to wade through the water-filled complex.

The 'Water moving at knee level' was the crux.

For example, they'll find that the water that was all clear up till a certain point became bloody red, or that someone grabbed their ankles from within the water.

Whether it's an increase or decrease in temperature, ordinary humans will feel a large psychological burden.

There were too many unknowns that were concerns.

The unknown water.

That's rather scary.

In a certain sense, it was an outstanding creation.

Another reason was that as they have to wear swimsuits, a lot of couples were attracted as they were looking for thrill. Yoshino Asami was hesitant at first, but bought an entrance ticket on Yoshino Ikumi's forceful request.

They came out separately from the men and women changing rooms on the left and right sides respectively. Yoshino Asami and Ikumi were wearing striped one-pieced type, while Elsie was wearing a separate thing with a towel wrapped around her.

What's amazing was that even though the twins were wearing the same swimsuits and had the same face, Yoshino Ikumi gave a lively impression while Yoshino Asami just looked pathetic.

Also, Elsie's figure was unexpectedly good.

Even Keima, who was rather cold to real-life girls, was somewhat moved.

After that, Keima, the only guy, and the 3 girls entered the haunted house and dipped their feet into the warm water as they walked into the labyrinth attraction. It was rather scary, and Elsie and Yoshino Ikumi were walking in front, and Keima and Yoshino Asami were following behind.

Every single time there was a drop of water from the ceiling or a zombie popping out to scare people, Yoshino Asami would let out a pained cry and cling onto Keima.

It was impossible to resist it.

She didn't mean for this to happen, but that her body was saying its own thing and responding in such a manner. Keima blushed slightly as well, but never ever rejected Yoshino Asami.

She would cry at one moment and make a ruckus at the next moment. The four people finally finished this one-of-a-kind facility, and Elsie and Yoshino Ikumi seemed like they really enjoyed it.

After completing everything, they changed back into their own clothes inside the changing room. Even after walking for quite a while from the haunted house, Yoshino Asami's heart was still beating wildly.

And this,

Was unlikely to be because of fear.

They ate their slightly late lunch at a restaurant in the theme park. At that moment, Yoshino Asami just felt like she let go of everything as she would

talk and joke with Keima and criticize Keima with Ikumi, and even to Elsie, whom she never really talked to...even though there were some restraints, she could still talk normally.

She was happy.

So she could talk to people other than her own sister.

She was so shocked,

About this new discovery.

She wanted to thank her sister,

And she wanted to thank this boy called Katsuragi Keima even more.

However,

“Ah, that’s right! My friends will be here this afternoon~”

Her sister said that. On hearing Yoshino Ikumi’s casual words, Yoshino Asami’s abdomen ached slightly. The intense happiness suddenly wilted, and it felt like she got a dampener.

At this moment.

Katsuragi Keima was silently looking at this Yoshino Asami,

While eating his omelette rice with his spoon,

He naturally,

Had an expression that looked like he could see through everything.

Katsuragi Keima’s request beforehand to Yoshino Ikumi was extremely simple.

“First, let’s have Yoshino Asami and I have some time alone in the Dean Land...let’s see, about an hour. Then, it’ll be you and Elsie. Finally, your friends will show up in 2 hours’ time. Get some optimistic and forgiving people who are really sociable here.”

On hearing this, Yoshino Ikumi said,

“I got it! So we’re going to get onee-chan to get used to it in steps, right? First, Katsuragi-kun, then, us, and finally, the rest. In that case, even onee-chan who’s not used to group gatherings can ease her burden a little~I see. As expected of Katsuragi-kun!”

She said that in amazement. Elsie also said,

“Un~ as expected of kami-sama! This method’s really nice!”

She said as she flailed her arms. At this, Keima merely,

“ ... ”

Smiled slightly.

Thus, Yoshino Ikumi followed what Keima instructed. Once it was afternoon, Ikumi's friends slowly gathered at the Dean's Land one by one.

The group was then so large that there were 7 people altogether.

Keima, Elsie, the Yoshino sisters, a tall boy, a kind looking boy and an energetic girl with a really cute smile.

“Okay~ everyone! Let's enjoy ourselves today!”

The tall boy who had that leader attitude declared.

That girl happily said,

“I always wanted to come here to play!”

“Ah, I came here a few times. Un, I recommend..ahh, before that, let's introduce ourselves first, okay?”

The kind looking boy seemed like he was thinking for everyone. After that, everyone decided to head back to the counter to change before playing.

Yoshino Ikumi was extremely excited.

“Hey hey, what clothes is everyone changing into today?”

She asked her friends as she looked really happy.

In response,

“U~n, let's wearing something we couldn't wear the last time. Hey? Onii-sama?”

Elsie was also completely into playing mode as she asked Keima. Yoshino Asami looked rather ordinary as she said,

“...Katsuragi-kun may be really suited to dress up like a prince.”

She smiled.

“ ... ”

Only Katsuragi Keima,

“ ... ”

Was playing the PFP silently.

Everyone ordered the costume they wanted to cosplay from the counter and changed at the changing room. After changing, they started to cheerily evaluate each other's clothing.

And then, they went for karaoke.

They all sang for 2 hours, and then changed clothes before moving to the bowling alley.

It was really exciting.

They were split into two teams in a competition.

Right now, the competition was intense. Teammates were high-fiving with each other, and it was really bustling. Then, everyone was having tea inside Dean Land and chatting away.

Excluding Yoshino Ikumi, who recruited everyone, they all met for the first time. However, everyone got together rather well, and the boys and girls with quite the good personalities didn't seem to show any estrangement. Elsie and Yoshino Ikumi were laughing from start to end, and the important Yoshino Asami looked rather 'normal' as she blended in.

She was still smiling.

After a while, everyone decided to head to the game center. The boy joked about, and everyone burst into laughter. Then, everyone started to jab each other with words, and Yoshino Asami was laughing while covering her mouth.

Elsie, who was walking last, whispered secretly with a soft voice that nobody else could hear to Keima, who was walking beside her.

"As expected of Yoshino Ikumi's friends! Everyone's all really good people."

"..."

Keima remained silent.

Elsie said in amazement,

"I see! Creating such a joyous atmosphere and getting a few sociable people can correct Yoshino Asami-san's 'human hating' presence. Lookie look, kami-sama! Yoshino Asami-san has gotten on well with everyone!"

"..."

Keima looked at Yoshino Asami's thin profile. She was answering someone, and looked rather happy.

"Is that so?"

And then, he turned to look at his PFP again.

"I can bet that things won't be that easy. A lack of communication skills can't be treated so easily."

"Eh? Then, then why?"

The unexpected words caused Elsie to stop as she didn't know what to do. Keima left her behind.

"..."

And remained expressionless.

But just for a moment, his eyes sparkled.

He was waiting.

It looked like he was waiting for something.

After that, they had dinner, and everyone head towards the dance hall level. There, one person changed for some reason.

That person was Yoshino Asami.

Yoshino Asami should have Keima, Elsie and Ikumi with her, but unknowingly, Keima wasn't with her.

At the event place, he was called out by the workers to head out through the back door. It seemed that they were asking for suggestions for the sudden 'gal-game clothing consultant' that suddenly appeared, and she couldn't help but wanted to keep him with her.

However, she couldn't find an excuse. Thus, Yoshino Asami swallowed her words.

That's right.

Normally,

Keima didn't have any direct links with her. As she responded, she found her sister Ikumi saying something to the 2 boys.

She was alone.

She didn't know how to get involved. She didn't know what to say.

The remaining girl Elsie was looking around blankly.

To Asami, there's nothing more painful than getting together with the people around her. Once she entered her youth, she unknowingly had the

'ordinary' as a manner of response, and after such a long time, she finally reached her limit.

She felt even more pained.

She felt that it was harder for her to smile.

To get along with others,

Her heart was starting to ache.

It was painful.

That's why she hated herself, and Ikumi, who was like her split personality, was able to talk with others so happily.

The discomfort on her body started to strike her.

She wanted to puke.

Her body couldn't help but tremble.

It was like for a few times, and she was really unhappy. She wanted to go, she wanted to get involved, she always wanted this to succeed.

She wanted to be like her sister, to get along well with others in an 'ordinary manner'.

However,

She would face a huge setback every time.

Why?

Why couldn't she just be 'ordinary'?

A simple chat with anyone,

Anyone could do it.

But she couldn't do it if she didn't borrow the power of the mask she constructed. So that's how it was.

She had such a huge flaw.

It couldn't be helped then.

Her forehead was sweating, and unknowingly, she couldn't take it, and couldn't smile anymore. As she watched Elsie and her sister Ikumi getting along well with everyone, she couldn't keep a calm heart. "Let's apologize then, apologize to my sister later, and apologize to Katsuragi-kun after that."

She covered her mouth with her hand, forcing herself to hold back the strong urge to puke.

There were cosplayers wearing all sorts of costumes. And at this moment, she,

Ran out of the event hall, not looking back as she ran off, down a staircase where no one was, stuttered down half the level, and turned back after she found a certain boy who passed by her.

Standing over there was,

Katsuragi Keima, who was holding the PFP tightly.

He kept his back facing her and said,

“Are you going back home like this?”

And so,

“Ka, Katsuragi-kun...”

At the corner of the stairs, Yoshino Asami looked up to see Keima’s back and muttered. Keima turned around,



“Before you run back home.”

He sighed, lowered his head and looked at Yoshino Asami before asking,

“Yoshino Asami, let me ask you something.”

Facing the lost Yoshino Asami, he took a step down and said,

“...You.”

He raised a question,

“Why must you make friends with others?”

“!”

Yoshino Asami was stunned. Keima continued to walk down the stairs and say,

“I had been observing you, trying to know you. You’ve been forcing yourself, right? Is it really that important to talk and joke around with others? Was there a need to chat happily with others? Do you have to worry about being left out in a friendly group? Ha! That’s stupid! Watch a person’s mood? Why do you have to observe a person’s mood? Atmosphere? Just let it be messy if it’s messed up! What’s so bad about being haughty? Just being alone! If that suited you, be proud of your own solitude! Don’t be lost, Yoshino Asami!”

Yoshino Asami immediately understood.

She was seen through. That Katsuragi Keima,

Saw through all the problems she had.

She had always been struggling with her feelings, and had given up on the true nature.

“As for me.”

Keima stared at Yoshino Asami with a sad expression,

And took the next step down,

“I’m like this, Yoshino Asami. I had always been like this.”

He was just like an eagle flying in the blue sky and looking down at a pathetic animal that was crawling in a lonely manner.

He knew.

He knew that.

Keima,

Always been like this, he had always been like this. He was proud of it, and never complained about living alone.

He saw through her existence.

So,

That's right.

She must have always admired this boy called Katsuragi Keima for not being swayed aside by anyone, standing alone there with superhuman will.

"Bu, but."

Yoshino Asami's voice was trembling. She finally realized that she, Yoshino Asami was really admiring Keima, and had feelings for him.

But, she realized it.

She couldn't be like Katsuragi Keima.

"Because!"

Her tears flowed out, and her body couldn't help but tremble. She covered her mouth with her hand and cried out,

"BECAUSE! I CAN'T DO IT! I'LL FEEL HURT!"

Words naturally flew out of her.

"I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE! I'M SCARED OF BEING ALONE! I, I'M NOT STRONG LIKE YOU, KATSURAGI-KUN!"

Whenever she saw that her sister was getting along well with others, she felt the unspeakable loneliness, anxiety, and that her sister was about to leave her.

So.

That's why she always followed it. Her split personality.

"..."

As for Keima,

He smiled kindly and said,

"Yoshino Asami. You don't actually hate humans."

He slowly walked down the stairs and stood at the same height as her as their eyes met,

"You're just simply afraid, afraid of being hated by people...just a little more afraid than ordinary people, just a little."

"I"

"If it's the original you, will you feel lonely?"

"Be, because!"

“You won’t.”

Keima said firmly. He kept his kind smile and placed his hand on her shoulder. At this moment.

Keima’s eyes were showing sincere light.

Perhaps it was concern for the girl who seemed similar to her but was in fact not. He said,

“Aren’t they here? Don’t you have a sister who’s thinking of you no matter what? Who says that you can’t live normally with people?”

“Eh?”

“If there’s a choice between ‘you’ and ‘the world’, she’ll undoubtedly choose you. You’re not alone. You’re not alone, Yoshino Asami.”

And,

He added as he brought his face closer in.

“I’m also...”

“Ah.”

Yoshino Asami’s body stiffened for a moment as Keima’s words invaded her heart and soul at this moment.

“I’m right beside you. I’ll accept the normal you. On this basis...”

Un.

Yoshino Asami closed her eyes, and Keima’s lips gently closed in.

Then,

A kiss.

That forgave everything, accepted everything, approved everything.

Keima’s kiss.

The kiss that had Keima’s ‘belief’.

Yoshino Asami was thoroughly released at this moment.

That was the first conquest for the day.

Swoosh. The runaway spirit flew out from Yoshino Asami’s body, and Elsie, who was waiting at the stairs above,

“It’s time!”

Immediately reclaimed the runaway spirit. Keima opened his eyes and sighed in his heart.

He seemed to feel a weird stare.

That's to be expected.

Keima's eyes met with the girl who was looking up at the two of them in a surprised manner.

The possibility of meeting was unexpectedly high...

But he managed to trigger an encounter.

"I"

The 'Denpakei' girl, Amami Tooru was standing there.

After that, the chaotic series of events happened. Amami Tooru was clearly shocked as she widened her eyes and turned around before fleeing.

"We did it! Kami-sama! We got the runaway spirit!"

Elsie was extremely happy.

Yoshino Asami was still leaning on the wall in a dazed manner, and she shall lose all her memories of this conquest. At this moment, the workers from Dean Land came rushing over.

"Ah, so you're here, fashion consultant! You see, the dance had already started. It's thanks to you that this dance event was really successful!"

They said that as they pulled Keima.

Keima hurriedly said,

"Wait!"

However, they never let go, and Keima was forcefully brought back to the event hall and pushed up the stage as he was given the support from everyone as he was lifted up.

"Hey, wait a sec! I'm busy! Let go of me!"

Even after Keima said that, the crowd were just cheering loudly.

They must be thinking that it's some form of entertainment.

The happy music echoed.

Then,

Keima looked up.

“...I guess.”

And sighed.

“It's necessary to follow the original plan, isn't it...”

Katsuragi Keima was seen kissing a girl directly, and having bore such a negative impression that would be hard to take back, he started his final conquest...

She stayed in a very luxurious mansion

Her father was a big boss.

He ran a few famous enterprises.

Her mother was a famous aristocrat.

Her entire family was extremely rich.

Ever since she was young, she had nothing to worry about. She had full-time maids and butlers, which would be unbelievably rare in modern Japan, a chauffeur, bodyguards and specialized chefs. Also, there were Japanese and western food.

Ever since she was young, she had 4 outstanding home tutors taking turns to teach her. Her garden's really bad, and German Shepherds would be released at night.

There was also a large lake.

A few white birds were swimming on the lake, and their wings were clipped—to prevent them from flying away.

It sounded like a joke, but there was even a personal golf course in the garden. It was an interest of her stout father.

Her father was one with such great wealth.

No matter how sumptuous they lived, they had such wealth that there seemed to be no problems.

It was so great that it probably wouldn't be shaken even if the next three generations continued to spend. Her life was that envious.

When she wakes up, her maids would be waiting for her at a corner of the rest.

She would walk to her personal bathroom, and someone would hand her a hot towel, wipe her face and choose her clothing.

For breakfast, the emphasis is on the ultimate harmony of healthy and delicious food.

Her parents belief were that,

Everyone must be present for meals. That would then be a happy breakfast befitting that of a prestigious family.

And so, all 3 members of the family must be present. After having breakfast, she would go to school, and there would be a black limo sending her there. Normally, this kind of sending would be extremely exaggerated, but the school was one where extremely rich kids would be studying at, which made it quite a common thing there.

There were princes of large enterprise companies, daughters of politicians, girls of foreign royal blood and sons of famous international pianists. Everyone was obviously outstanding, not worrying about the things in the world. Each one of them were obviously rich, and each one of them were served by others and accepted them accordingly.

There was a world that was completely different though.

They definitely won't know.

In school, she would use the 'keigo' tone that nobility would use as girls were always like this.

So thus, she was like this too.

That's the kind of education she had.

And she did it.

If she didn't do so...

She was the only daughter, a girl who was to inherit the vast fortune of her father and the highly prestigious bloodline of her aristocratic mother. She was always given lots of expectations and love.

While she was rather healthy, she once fell ill when she was young.

While it wasn't an exaggeration, all the staff of an entire hospital was summoned to the house, and her parents felt that this should be the case.

However, she still felt somewhat guilty.

Of course, she was bathed in the highest class of love, and she had the most advanced care, and even the highest level of education was often prepared for her.

As a child of a respectable family.

Education was something that was necessary.

Flower arrangement.

English conversation.

Violin, piano and even riding were taught to her.

And she even learned table etiquette before she learned how to talk.

Standing posture, mannerisms or even verbal gestures; all these minor details were checked by her father,

Mother,

And the specialized home tutor. She would be told off if she broke the rules slightly.

‘Minus check’.

This seemed like it was implemented from her mother’s family, from the time of her maternal grandmother.

Once she showed any signs that didn’t fit that of a daughter of a respectable family,

“Minus check.”

She would be told off. As her mother,

“That’s our love for you! That’s why we have to harden our hearts and show our scowls!”

She teared up as she said that. At a certain level, she would receive a penalty.

Like for example, being unable to go out.

Like for example, not allowed to have her meals.

Like for example, being smacked lightly on the hand.

“When my mom did this to me back when I was young, I really hated her for it, but now, I’m really grateful to her for training me to be such a refined lady.”

Her mother would emphasize this in a teary manner.

And she,

“...Yes.”

Answered dryly with a dull expression and accepted it.

She accepted it.

To become a highly refined girl, she had to try her best not to disappoint her parents. Her father would only,

“Un un, mama’s right.”

He would often agree with her mother, and then, to his own daughter,

“Minus Check.”

And he wouldn’t hesitate about it. That’s because it’s his love to his daughter.

It’s all for his daughter’s sake.

So,

She,

Would have the voices ringing inside her head.

“Minus Check! Minus Check!”

And it would never become positive.

It was always negative.

Under the education as points continued to be subtracted off instead of being added.

She grew up under such an environment.

She had a unique habit in that she liked to imagine ever since she was young. For example, as she look out from her room through the window and into the night sky far away, her mind would start to weave a story.

She would use a story that she knew as a basis and illustrate the prince on the moon and the princess on the stars, and then rethink about it again and again and enjoy herself.

No one would obstruct her.

This was a sweet world that belonged only to herself.

For example, if she saw the white clipped birds and the German Shepherds with the chains on them, she would come up with a story of a remarkable friendship between a hurt traveller and an artist who lost his lover and his will. The intricate details of this story would even amaze her.

That’s her only shelter.

During the storm of Minus Checks.

She used her imagination that spread her wings out in this situation. Most of the source of this imagination was from the current books or manga she had.

She had secretly bought a lot, hid them and browsed through them.

In contrast to her age,

There were a lot of books that were more like children books, and she liked to read books or manga that were aimed at a younger age.

But one day,

They knew about it.

‘I guess this person should be alright’. After deciding this, she said this to a maid after she went out, and yet she told it to her mother, and her mother threw out all her collection. Seeing her stunned like this, her mother said,

“These books and manga are for kids, not for a refined lady like you at all! You actually hid this from your mother...”

Minus check.

And that’s what happened. Once the points were accumulated to a certain extent, she would be hit on the hand.

However,

That pain didn’t matter.

The physical pain on the body wasn’t much as compared to the pain that she felt inside her heart, and she couldn’t even cry out.

That night, as she returned back to her room,

She looked outside the window listlessly, bathed under the bright moonlight, and thought.

(I want it to be always a plus.)

Normally, she wouldn’t imagine with herself as the main focus, and she had never imagined herself to be the protagonist in her imagination.

But that day was different. She imagined and thought.

In this planet...where the guiding stars were shining, there was a treasure that’s called ‘an eternal plus that won’t fade away’. Even though she didn’t know what it was or how it looked like, but she started on an adventure.

This was a journey of infinite imaginations as she looks for herself, relies on the guidance star and finds it. Sometimes, she would be an angel, and

sometimes, a princess, and sometimes, a female detective, and sometimes, a female swordsman. However,

She had to become a character that's far different from herself.

To find an 'eternal plus'.

That would change her heart. So let's try it.

She wanted to search for it in the real world.

From that day on, her preparations were all set. She skilfully arranged the time such that she had enough remaining time for herself after school, extra-curricular activities and as she moves to and from home.

Though there were only 1 or 2 times at school.

It wasn't impossible at all. She was smarter than what her parents thought as she used the internet to buy clothes, download the maps, and had already planned her journey one time after another.

She tried it that day.

She was always cautious as she went home. There was a large 5-sided star painted on the building, and she snuck in as her parents went out. As that building had restaurants, manga cafés, and billiards shops, nobody could stop her once she entered.

As she completed her cosplay as an angel, she looked up the emergency staircase, and thought that it didn't matter even if she was seen.

Because she was an angel now.

She had become an angel.

She wasn't,

She wasn't that princess who was always stuck inside the huge mansion and had to take Minus Checks.

At a turn up the stairs, she met a male smoker who walked in. That man widened his eyes in shock after seeing her dress-up.

She was a little ashamed, but she felt more like teasing him. Unlike the usual get-up she would show, she pushed the initiative with the next daring action.

"...I'm an angel. I'm looking for an 'eternal plus'. Do you know what it is?"

She looked serious as she asked.

The man took a few steps back before running out of the staircase, and a happy feeling swelled up in her.

Fufu. She chuckled.

She used this time to run up the staircase. Ahaha, before she realized it, she was laughing, and then she arrived at the rooftop.

An endless landscape appeared in front of her.

The unlimited blue sky covered the streets in front of her.

Ahahahaha, as she laughed, she felt.

She felt that the thick fog in her heart was cleared from her eyes, and for some reason, she cried for a while for some unknown reason.

After that, she just needed a chance to repeat this and make some minor changes. However, no matter what costume she wore, her basis of 'looking for this eternal plus that wouldn't fade' never changed. She continued to believe that 'I'm looking for it', and turned this daring entertainment into a decisive action.

Her parents were even stricter on her.

It's because of this, because of this, that what looked like another form of entertainment opened up in her like a window...

On a certain day, just when she was dressed as an angel like usual and looking for her 'eternal plus',

"Fire!"

There was a fire, and she was shocked about such bad luck. Anyway, she decided to get to safety first. However, as she was the only one at the rooftop, so it was slightly too late the moment she heard the alarm. As she reacted, the surroundings were already covered with smoke, making her really scared.

However, she used her handkerchief to prevent herself from breathing in smoke and successfully managed to head down the emergency staircase. At this moment, she managed to get an encounter.

A boy collapsed onto the floor while hugging a brightly colored bag to his chest.

"..."

At first, she couldn't help but be stunned.

However,

"Are, are you alright?"

As a kind girl, she obviously went to save him. The boy stared at her in a dazed manner for a while, but quickly lost consciousness.

As a delicate girl, it was already a miracle that she could save him. Another reason was that the boy himself was rather light, but there was a strange force that she had never felt before filling up her body. This time, it was because of that power.

“Because I’m an angel!”

That’s what she really thought back then,

“So I have to save him!”

Before she realized it, she had already reached the bottom of the body and laid the boy’s body on her back onto the floor. After exhaling a huge breath, she felt like she really accomplished something.

But once she felt the sounds of the ambulances and the fire engines coming over, this sensation wilted and quickly became fear. If they stayed here and talk about who saved the boy, someone would contact her family, and her secret adventure game may be discovered by her parents. She felt terrified about it.

She hurriedly left the scene and subconsciously turned behind.

Un~ He moaned.

It seemed that he was okay, but she was still worried.

After barely managing to squeeze some time out, she decided to take a look at him. Thus, she checked on the boy, who he was and what hospital he was staying at.

To her, who’s good at collecting information, money and contacts, this wasn’t something hard to her.

On a certain day, she went to the hospital and met with the boy. It was really a coincidence that they met on the rooftop, and after seeing that the boy was really healthy, she wanted to head back, but as the weather was too good, she couldn’t help but enjoy the scenery as she looked out from the roof.

After that, the boy followed her...

“In that case.” She jumped down and talked to him. She felt that his eyes were really beautiful. As she talked to him casually and saved him, she was an angel.

Thus, she continued to disguise herself as an ‘angel’.

She saw that he was really puzzled, and deep within her heart,

(Well, we won't be meeting for a second time already.)

That was what she thought,

Bye bye. She waved her hand and left that place. It was supposed to end there.

However, the boy appeared there for the third time.

It was a break day, and she found an alibi, left the house and walked around on the streets. As she was looking around for the star-shaped building, the boy again talked to her.

He said,

"Shall I help you find something?"

The girl was shocked. She was really happy to see him safe, but she had never even thought that they would meet each other again. While talking, she found that the boy continued to stick to her.

Suddenly, she thought.

Was this.

"A request to go on a date?"

"Does he have an interest in me?"

In fact, she was already used to being talked up by young guys on the road. She knew of such animals.

She had already learned that guys are animals who would want to attract the attention of girls. She also knew that she was rather attractive to guys.

She really felt like playing tricks on him.

Thus, she continued to act an angel. She felt that the boy was trying to make a good impression, and that if she continued to talk about things from her own imaginary world, he would run away eventually. The other guys were like this without exception.

Like for example, if other guys would say to her,

"Hey hey, do you have time now? Let's go out to play."

At this moment, she'll just say,

"Sorry, I'm looking for my guidance star!"

Or,

"I'm looking for treasure! I'm a runaway princess! You're wearing such shiny costume. Are you a soldier?"

As long as she smiled and said this, the other party would definitely reveal an ambiguous expression and say 'ah, it's alright, never mind, sorry' before running away.

Thus, she thought that this boy would be the same too, and would quickly surrender before retreating...

However, this boy was different. He never took a step back as he continued to follow her until the end. No matter what nonsense she did by bringing him to the entertainment center that he was always interested in,

No matter how she tried to make him cosplay.

No matter how she dragged him selfishly along for a roller-coaster ride.

He always tried his best to respect her view on the world, which shocked her. Up till now, nobody would do this for her.

Her parents denied her inner world without exception.

The rest viewed her as a strange creature from her imaginary stories.

However, the boy,

Still believed with those beautiful eyes.

Her actions, her world, her worlds, her behaviour.

The boy accepted all of that while he was with her, and embraced this with her. No matter how others viewed her with strange looks, he never backed down.

He did that proudly.

Not flattering her at all.

He just continued to look at her.

She...never had this feeling before.

This person.

"What was going on?" She thought. However, happy times would fly so fast. There was contact on her handphone, and it seemed that her mother started to doubt her excuse.

She had to go back.

As she would be lonely,

She never said goodbye.

Maybe she acted until the end.

And because like a lost angel,

She disappeared.

The fourth encounter was too disastrous. She met him while walking on the street at an open terrace café.

After walking by happily,

She found a cute girl with him, and the shock she had was so huge that it was far more than what she expected. So, that's how it was, she thought.

As expected, he was just a guy who really liked girls.

Maybe it was just out of interest that he went out with her, and she really couldn't take it as she hurriedly left. That day, for the entire day, she was really restless.

Then, the worst thing happened that day.

Her parents,

Found out that she was walking on the streets.

The reason seemed to be,

The check carried out by her home tutor.

Perhaps it was the one positive amongst all the mishaps as the reason why she did so was undetected. Her parents just thought that she made up the schedule to play on the streets.

She took numerous 'Minus Checks' and endless punishments. She was forbidden from going out except with her parents, and got scolded over and over again.

"That's not what a refined lady should be doing!"

"We had such high expectations for you!"

"You betrayed our trust!"

Minus check. Minus check. Minus check.

She heard those words until her mind was all blurred, and while she cried unhappily at first, it didn't matter in the end.

Perhaps her mind was breaking.

Every time there was a Minus Check, her body would have black fog around her, and looking at it, it was a '-' sign after another. The '-' sign continued to cover her like garbage and dust, taking her vision away.

But her parents didn't seem to realize it.

The girl was imprisoned by the '-'.

Her dreams vanished.

Her imaginations wilted.

What swallowed her was the corrosion of reality.

This was her final resistance. Her greatest wish. She tried hard to search through her happy memories and arrived back at the Dean Land where she had fun with that boy.

The time was really tight, and she felt that she could see those clear eyes of the boy clearly.

And then, they met,

The boy was kissing another girl...

Nothing else really mattered then.

The girl already,

Gave up on thinking.

The girl's name was

Amami Tooru.

That day, Amami Tooru had lots of Minus Checks. As she sighed heavily and returned back to her own room,

She was lethargic during the past few days.

Especially,

After seeing that boy, Katsuragi Keima kissing another girl.

The minus fog that covered her was too much.

It was too thick,

It was hard for her to move forward,

Taking extremely fatigued steps,

The girl,

Amami Tooru,

Opened the door to her room, and then,

She met him for the sixth time.

Basked in the moonlight that shone directly into the room, he whispered,
“Hello, princess-sama.”

Yes, he smiled.

Katsuragi Keima was standing there.

Amami Tooru was stunned. What was most unbelievable was the fact that he was there. The security in this house was extremely tight, and it couldn't be imagined how he would break in through the front door, escape the guards, prevent the German Shepherds from barking and being undetected by the security sensors.

It was impossible.

“H, ho, how? Why?”

Amami Tooru muttered and looked up. And she was even more,
“!”

Stunned. A huge hole opened in the ceiling, only the ceiling in Amami Tooru's room. The gentle moonlight shone in from there.

It was like spotlight shining down from heaven.

The boy who was shining brightly like a prince.

“I'm a prince, so I'm here to save the imprisoned princess.”

Keima respectfully placed his hand in front of his chest and said that. Amami Tooru was so stunned that she couldn't say anything.

“How, how did you do it?”

She repeated. Keima smiled,

“Didn't I say it? I'm a prince. I used lots of ancient magic. The moon tonight is really beautiful, and magic is really effective now. I rode a silver carriage and flew in the air before arriving in this house's garden. The soldiers guarding you raised their spears at me, but I chanted a magic spell to make them sleep.”

“St, stop kidding around!”

Amami Tooru was angry,

Unknowingly, their positions were reversed.

“How, how could there be such a thing?”

Keima described his fantasy, and Amami Tooru denied it.

“ ... ”

Keima smiled and took a step closer. Amami Tooru instinctively took a step back.

“Then.”

Keima started to come up with another story,

“I’m like what you said. I’m god. I borrowed the power of a demon to look for the lost angel.”

“You liar!”

“Why?”

Keima asked calmly.

“Wh, why? Why? Be, because.”

Amami Tooru was confused.

“Wh, why!? Why are you here!? Why must you come here!?”

“Because I like you.”

It was direct.

Straight into the core. Amami Tooru’s eyes lifted up. The reason why she rejected Keima wasn’t just because he appeared in that room like magic,

“You, you kissed that girl already!”

She was angry, clenching her fists and growling.

“YOU’VE ALREADY KISSED!”

Keima’s expression never changed.

“Actually, I had a deal with a demon.”

He said casually,

“That kiss was actually to save that girl. To prevent that girl’s soul from being eaten by other demons, I could only do that.”

“I, I don’t believe it!”

“But, this.”

Keima said.

“This is the real story that belonged to me. It’s like the story you said, a quality, real story.”

Amami Tooru was confused,

“What are you...”

Her body started to tremble,

Her legs started to tremble.

The black fog that surrounded her got thicker.

“Who exactly are you?”

“Didn’t I say it?”

Keima narrowed his eyes slightly.

“I’m the prince who came to save you.”

He stretched his delicate hand out.

“...To save a princess who’s bound by such a minus mark.”

A beat later,

“!”

Amami Tooru widened her eyes.

Nobody could see that ‘Minus’.

Nobody could,

See that imprint that was placed on her soul!

“You, you can see this?”

Seeing the shocked Amami Tooru, Keima merely nodded his head.

“Of course.”

“I, I.”

Amami Tooru shook her head.

Showing the wavering in her heart.

In front of Keima,

Her real thoughts,

The soul that was hurt and suppressed shouted out.

It cried out.

“I’M NOT SOME PRINCESS! I’M JUST A USELESS GIRL WHO’S ALWAYS
CALLED OUT FOR SOME MINUS MINUS THING! INCLUDING THOSE BOOKS!
I JUST HATED MINUS! I HATED IT! BECAUSE I HATED IT!”

She hugged her head.

And started shouting out in an almost maniacal manner,

"I HATED IT! I HATED MINUS! I REALLY HATE IT! I DON'T WANT SUCH A WORLD! I WANT TO BE, I WANT TO BE MYSELF THAT'S DIFFERENT! THAT'S ALL, THAT'S ALL!"

"..."

Keima closed in on Amami Tooru with a pained expression, and at a distance where they almost touched.

"...I like your story. I like the you that's narrating the story. I like this you right now. Even if you change, I'll definitely,"

"YOU LIAR!"

"I have a belief, I face reality with that belief. Your story, the one you created where you're fighting with 'now'."

He looked straight in her eyes and asked,

"Don't you have any belief?"

Amami Tooru timidly said,

"Bu, but I'm covered in minus! What can I believe in!?"

She shook her head,

Tears flowed out of her eyes.

"My story already had flaws! I'm powerless!"

"...Flaws? Where?"

Seeing Keima question her so calmly, she shouted out at the top of her lungs.

"THAT'S WHY I SAID THAT IT DIDN'T EXIST! I'M LOOKING FOR THAT 'ETERNAL PLUS' OR SOMETHING! I KNEW IT RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING! THIS THING NEVER EXISTED RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING!"

"Yes it does."

Keima interrupted.

He suddenly changed his expression and said clearly,

"The eternal plus is here! Now, right in your heart!"

He pointed at Amami Tooru's chest.

Over there, it was the cross that was hanging on Amami Tooru.

The shape of the 'plus', the symbol.

Keima smiled and said,

“I have a belief. With this belief,”

“All minuses will become plus.”

(As long as you have a belief that you want to save the other party with all your heart.)

As if time stopped, Amami Tooru was frozen for a while.

Her mind accepted Keima’s words,

Chewed on it,

And swallowed it.

And dissolved,

All the entanglements.

(I see. So that’s how it is...)

Warm.

Something warm appeared, and the moment it exploded.

The cross let out a glow.

The minus signs were blown away, and the light shone like a storm as the chains of minus gradually broke, the negative thoughts that bound her words broke. In the midst of this light, Keima smiled, stepped forward and kissed her. Amami Tooru never tried to avoid Keima.

Or rather, she took the initiative and accepted Keima.

His words,

His everything,

His thoughts.

Covered everything.

That,



Light of hope.

After a while.

Having heard the explosion, the parents rushed into Amami Tooru's room. They were stunned. First, it was the large hole in the ceiling.

The furniture that was all over the place.

And a seemingly restless Amami Tooru.

Her face looked flushed like she was drunk.

"It feels...like there was a prince here."

Then, she turned around,

And smiled.

That smile,

Wasn't an expression of a princess that relied on her parents' expectations to survive.

But one that realized something important,

An energetic girl's smile.

At the same time, Elsie, who was in the air, said to Keima.

"It's finally over now!"

She was the one who used the power of the hagoromo to pierce the ceiling, captured the runaway spirit that flew out as Keima kissed, and brought Keima away from the scene.

At this moment, Keima sighed tiredly,

"That was really a long night..."

He muttered.

However, he looked rather satisfied.

Epilogue

“Hey, the moment Amami Tooru-san saw the kiss with Yoshino Asami-san, I was wondering what would happen.”

“Ahh.”

And Keima answered half-heartedly.

“..Was that as planned?”

“Nn.”

Keima again answered half-heartedly.

“Yoshino-san looked really energetic then, and it’s like Amami-san was a completely different person the last time I saw her on the streets~ As expected of kami-sama!”

“Really?”

Keima still didn’t lift his head.

Today, Keima was playing his game at home as he sat on the sofa with his arms on the handles and crossing his leg.

He would occasionally reach out for the porcelain teacup and sip the red tea from him.

He would then look at the screen again.

Making an elegant pose that’s one step away from being sloppy.

Black pants, white shirt, showing a little collar, such a casual appearance made him look more like a bishounen than usual.

What shone in through the window was clear sunlight.

Keima was just like a painting as he played his game.

And,

“ ... ”

Smile, smile, smile.

“ ... ”

Smile, smile, smile

“ ... ”

Smile, smile, smile

Elsie was just smiling beside him. Her elbows were on the table as she smiled and watched Keima play his game.

Elsie was also the one who prepared tea for Keima.

Right now, she was baking cookies in the oven, intending to let Keima eat them as dessert. She continued to smile as she showed a happy, satisfied expression.

“ ... ”

A bead of cold sweat flowed past Keima’s face.

“ ... ”

Elsie’s stare just felt unbearable.

Smile, smile, smile.

Finally, he couldn’t take it.”

“ARGH! ELSIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP TILL NOW!?”

He stood up and shouted.

However.

“ ... ”

Elsie still continued to smile. Keima moved his finger,

Don’t just look at other people like that!

If you have something to say, just say it!

He wanted to shout that, but as Elsie was staring at him in such a pure and innocent manner,

“ ... ”

Another bead of cold sweat flowed out. He stiffened his face and said,

“I’m leaving you alone!”

He continued to play his game. He showed an unhappy look as he abruptly sat on the sofa in an even sloppy manner as he was about to lie on it.

However,

If he really felt unhappy about Elsie, there would be no reason for him to be there. He could have left the living room and returned to his own room.

However,

Keima never did so.

He just,

Continued to play his game with an unhappy look.

From this,

It could be vaguely seen how he, Katsuragi Keima, viewed Elsie. Though Keima and Elsie may have somewhat realized it, what they realized would just be a little bit.

At this moment.

Ding! As the delightful sound of the oven rang, Elsie stood up and said to Keima with a clear and lively tone,

“Kami-sama!”

She placed her hand at her face.

“Do you want some cookies?”

Keima’s response was,

“Humph!”

That’s all. Elsie interpreted it as a ‘yes’ and giggled as she walked towards the kitchen before stopping halfway and turning around,

She looked at Keima, who was sitting on the sofa in an unnatural pose as he played his game.

This time, he didn’t notice Elsie staring at him.

Elsie thought,

This boy, Katsuragi Keima,

Elsie’s kami-sama.

The demon found kami-sama.

From today on, they would be hunting runaway spirits, and the reason why they would save many girls from the pitch-black abyss will be because of such a daily life.

That’s what Elsie thought deep down inside.

“Let’s continue to get on well together, kami-sama!”

The ‘god of conquest’.

Is definitely here.

Heroines Memo

AMAMI TOORU

TYPE : DENPAKI

JOB : OHANABATAKE RESIDENT

BIRTHDAY : OCTOBER 7TH

BLOOD TYPE : AB

HEIGHT : 158cm

WEIGHT : 48kg

THREE SIZES : 86-59-82

LIKES : ANGEL-THEMED THINGS, FLUFFY FLUFFY CHIFFON CAKE, POETRY

DISLIKES : MATHEMATICS

RECENT TROUBLES : WHEN I WAKE UP, I SOMETIMES DON'T KNOW WHO I AM

MEMO : EXHIBITS ERRATIC BEHAVIOR. OHANABATAKE CHOICE OF WORDS. SECRETLY UNHAPPY THAT HER INTERESTS DIFFER FROM THE OTHERS. A DENPAKI, BUT EXTREMELY CALM AND COLLECTED ABOUT HER OWN ACTIONS AND UNDERSTOOD THEM CLEARLY. AS SHE WAS MORE SENSITIVE THAN OTHERS AND OVERLY SMART, IT FEELS LIKE SHE DELIBERATELY ACTED THIS WAY TO PREVENT HERSELF FROM BEING HURT.

HAS CHESTNUT-COLORED LONG HAIR. RATHER GOOD FIGURE. WEARS A WHITE MINI-SKIRT.

REALLY SUITED TO DRESS LIKE AN ANGEL. HAS LONG LEGS. WEARS A HEADRESS THAT LOOKS LIKE A TIARA.

GIVES THE VIBE OF A WESTERNER. WHITE-SKINNED. OFTEN LOOK SUSPICIOUS. WILL SOMETIMES LOOK LIKE SHE'S LOOKING FAR AWAY.

LOOKS SOMEWHAT LIKE A LITTLE IMP WHEN MESSING WITH KEIMA, BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL THAT SHE HAD ANY ILL-INTENT. WOULD GIVE A KEKE LAUGH WHEN SHE STARTS LAUGHING, AND LOOKS REALLY CAREFREE. WHEN SHE CRIES, SHE WOULD CRY IN A LONELY FASHION. HAS A CUTE VOICE, FEELS A LITTLE HUSKY.



Amami Tooru.

Type: Denpaki.

Job: Ohanabatake resident.

Birthday: October 7.

Blood-type: AB type.

Height: 158cm.

Weight: 48kg.

3 sizes: 86.59.82.

Things she likes: Angel-themed things. Fluffy fluffy chiffon cake. Poetry.

Things she hates: Mathematics.

Recent troubles: When I wake up, I sometimes don't know who I am.

Memo: Exhibits erratic behavior. Ohanabatake choice of words. Secretly unhappy that her interests differ from the others. A Denpaki, but extremely calm and collected about her own actions and understood them clearly. As she was more sensitive than others and overly smart, it feels like she deliberately acted this way to prevent herself from being hurt.

Has chestnut-colored long hair. Rather good figure. Wears a white mini-skirt.

Really suited to dress like an angel. Has long legs. Wears a headdress that looks like a tiara.

Gives the vibe of a Westerner. White-skinned. Often look suspicious. Will sometimes look like she's looking far away.

Looks somewhat like a little imp when messing with Keima, but it doesn't feel that she had any ill-intent. Would give a keke laugh when she starts laughing, and looks really carefree. When she cries, she would cry in a lonely fashion. Has a cute voice, feels a little husky.

YOSHINO ASAMI

TYPE : ???

JOB : TEA CEREMONY CLUB MEMBER

BIRTHDAY : JUNE 6TH

BLOOD TYPE : A

HEIGHT : 156cm

WEIGHT : 47kg

THREE SIZES : 83-58-81

LIKES : NOTHING REALLY SPECIAL

DISLIKES : NOTHING REALLY SPECIAL

RECENT TROUBLES : NOTHING REALLY SPECIAL

MEMO : MODEL CHARACTER. CAN DO ALL SORTS OF THINGS. RATHER RESTRAINED IN HER EMOTIONS. MEDIUM-BUILT. CLEAR AND IMPECCABLE. CUTE IN A WAY WHERE SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS. HAS A CUTENESS THAT ISN'T DEFINED IN ANY WAY. IT'S NOT REALLY THE EXPRESSIONLESS LOOK, BUT MORE OR LESS THAT. CALM. LIKES TO READ BOOKS. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WHO WOULD READ BORING BOOKS. HAS A CALM VOICE. UNLIKELY TO SCREAM ON SEEING A COCKROACH, BUT IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT SHE'S NOT SCARED.
A LITTLE BAD AT EXPRESSING HERSELF. EVEN WHEN CRYING, SHE WOULD ONLY SHOW A LITTLE TEAR.
NOT ISOLATED BY HER SURROUNDINGS, BUT USUALLY PLACED AT A LOWER PRIORITY.
AND SHE HAD NO COMPLAINTS ABOUT THIS.
FEELS THAT SHE SHOULD ALWAYS WAIT SILENTLY FOR HER TURN.
SHE'S A TYPE WHO WILL NEVER DO ANYTHING WILLFUL.
EVEN WHEN SEEING A KID, A PUPPY OR A KITTEN, SHE CAN'T SHOUT EXCITEDLY 'KAWAII!'



Yoshino Asami.

Type: ???

Job: Tea Ceremony Club member.

Birthday: June 6.

Blood-type: A.

Height: 156cm.

Weight: 47kg.

3 sizes: 83.58.81

Things she likes: Nothing really special.

Things she hates: Nothing really special.

Recent troubles: Nothing really special.

Memo: Model character. Can do all sorts of things. Rather restrained in her emotions. Medium-built. Clear and impeccable. Cute in a way where she doesn't have any special characteristics. Has a cuteness that isn't defined in any way. It's not really the expressionless look, but more or less that. Calm. Likes to read books. Looks like someone who would read boring books. Has a calm voice.

Unlikely to scream on seeing a cockroach, but it doesn't mean that she's not scared.

A little bad at expressing herself. Even when crying, she would only show a little tear.

Not isolated by her surroundings, but usually placed at a lower priority.

And she had no complaints about this.

Feels that she should always wait silently for her turn.

She's a type who will never do anything willful.

Even when seeing a kid, a puppy or a kitten, she can't shout excitedly 'kawaii!'

Author's notes[[edit](#)]

We meet for the first time!

Whether we met for the first time or not, I'm the author of works like 'Lucky Chance!' at Dengeki Bunko, Arizawa Mamizu.

I'm also one of the loyal readers who look forward to the serialization of 'Kami Nomi zo Shiru Sekai' every week.

The first time I knew of 'Kami Nomi no Shiru Sekai' was when I was with a senior author, M-san. I asked him, what recent manga would you recommend?

"Recently, this one's interesting!"

And so he introduced 'Kami Nomi no Shiru Sekai' to me. At that time, only one volume was released, but I was immediately engrossed in it, and once I checked that it was on the Sunday magazine, I was excitedly waiting for the next chapter. I kept thinking that if there was a chance to write a light novel version of it, please leave it to me~ and when they discussed this with me, I wholeheartedly agreed.

As it's a work I liked, I was rather pressured when I wrote it, but it was fun. Katsuragi Keima. Such a powerful character. It'll be great if I can showcase him as appropriately as possible...

It'll be great if the fans of the original series like it.

And finally,

I'll like to thank the original author: Wakaki-sensei, editor H-san, and all the readers who read this novel.

From my own residence.

Arisawa Mamizu.

Original author Notes

The creation of a weekly serialization feels just like a haiku.

Chapter 1 only has 18 pages, and it was really short. I have to imagine the vast content in my mind, open them up like windows for the readers to read until the truth can nearly be seen...it's like a boxer before a match! Here's a brief cut of a short scene serialization.

Really, the cover! 5! 7! 5! And then, 18 pages! Eh, that's all? It really felt like that.

Often, I would feel unhappy about it, whether I could use longer scenes, longer lines and longer stories. At first, 'Kami Nomi no Shiru Sekai' was a manga that was under the gal-type, so there should be a lot of text. But as it's restrained in the form of a manga, this was a dream that was so distant.

But this time, this dream became reality. With a solid author like Arisawa Mamizu writing this, the light novel version of 'Kami Nomi no Shiru Sekai' showed the world I wanted to draw but couldn't do so. Arisawa-sensei, thank you very much...

Whether it's the fans of Arisawa's works or god's works, I hope that this light novel can become a treasure item of everyone...

Wakaki Tamiki

References

1. Jump up↑ 電波系 - somebody who has wild fantasies; someone who hears voices; someone who is crazy
2. Jump up↑ お花畑タイプ - flower garden type (when thinking about boyfriend, happy thoughts come first)

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